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Call out the reserves
with a touch of your toe!



Ford gives you up to 225 horsepower for *INSTANT GO WHEN INSTANTS COUNT!*

NOW you can get even *more* of the lightning that's made Ford V-8 the world's favorite "eight."

The 225-h.p. Thunderbird Special V-8 is the biggest, performingest engine in the low-price field! And it's now available in *most* Ford models. Or you can have the 202-h.p. Thunderbird V-8—standard "eight" in Fairlanes and Station Wagons, optional in Customline and Mainline models. And *all* Ford models offer the

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With Lifeguard Design, you get extra protection against accident injuries. Try the best-selling V-8 today. See how performance is making this another Ford V-8 year.

FORD V-8

*World's
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This bird zooms down the highway and swoops into town without ever reducing speed. When you see him coming...look out! He's liable to take half the town along with him.



THE

Smart Bird

knows that city streets are no place for high speeds. He obeys the safety rule "Slow down in town."

The Smart Bird has a rule for best car performance, too: "Always buy premium gasoline." Premium gasoline has a higher octane rating. It gives top mileage, greater engine protection and driving pleasure.



It's smart to use
premium gasoline



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ASKS MR. HENRY A. WOOD



“When a flying wrench hits an eyeglass, you expect the very worst. There’s no secret about what saved Del Dahl, a valued employee, from possible blindness. He will tell you it was his new prescription safety glasses.

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“First he surveyed the shop and eliminated a few faulty work methods. Now we have a continuous safety education program, improved work procedures, regular employee safety meetings, and full cooperation with the safety engineer.

“Safety glasses saved my employees from injuries, also lowered the cost of my workmen’s compensation insurance. I earned a \$140 premium credit the first year . . . to say nothing of the off-the-job time loss saving.”

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New
**WASH and
WEAR** suits
are easy
to keep neat



Du Pont "Dacron" and
"Orlon" make possible
these remarkable
suits that wash by
hand or machine...



drip dry ready to wear!



This summer, you can have a new kind of suit! It's wonderfully lightweight, cool and comfortable with the *extra* convenience of wash and wear. A high percentage of "Dacron" or "Orlon" (often combined with Du Pont nylon) makes possible these featherweight suits that wash easily . . . drip dry quickly with pants neatly pressed . . . *ready to wear*. They seldom need ironing. What's more, they keep their wash-and-wear advantages for life. "Dacron"* polyester fiber and "Orlon"*** acrylic fiber help these suits stay neat *between* washings, too. Enjoy this built-in comfort, neatness and convenience in your new suits this summer.

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... THROUGH CHEMISTRY

DACRON · ORLON · NYLON

TIME, MAY 14, 1956

Drivers of other cars must
content themselves
with compromise part-time
power steering. Drivers of
Chrysler Corporation cars
have the incomparable ease
of full-time power steering.
This is engineering leadership.
Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto,
Chrysler and Imperial.

the Hawaiian Way to Hawaii



For 4½ matchless days at sea you enjoy all the gaiety and glamour, all the luxury and romance of a great ocean liner. You sense the sunny spirit of Hawaii in the LURLINE's gracious pattern of shipboard living... you see the beauty of the land expressed in delightful Polynesian decor... you share the Islands' friendly Aloha in the glow of shipboard conviviality. The LURLINE is the Hawaiian Way to Hawaii, with all this radiant travel pleasure included in your modest fare, to be doubly enjoyed and twice remembered—both a superb prelude and a surprising climax to your Island holiday when you sail *both* ways.



Morning swim, shuffleboard, deck tennis, skeet shooting... a carefree whirl of ship sports.

Afternoon tea on deck...lazy hours to stroll or sunbathe or relax in luxurious lounges.

Dinner in a gay tradition, then entertainment, movies and dancing under the tropic skies.

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TO HAWAII AND THE SOUTH PACIFIC
TAHITI, SAMOA, FIJI, NEW ZEALAND, AUSTRALIA

See your Travel Agent or any Matson Lines office: New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Seattle, Portland, Los Angeles, San Diego, Honolulu. And book round trip on the LURLINE.

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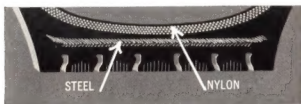
the most indestructible of tires!

STEEL FOR STRENGTH, NYLON FOR COMFORT



Your choice of new "Star Streak" design (above) or conventional whitewalls (left), all protected for life by the patented Curb Guard® protective rib. Your choice of colors, too, Bronze, Blue or Green—at no extra cost.

The exclusive combination of special flexible steel and resilient nylon makes the new Safety Age U. S. Royal Master the **Safest Tire Ever Built**... and because this protection is matched by extreme mileage performance, so much safety has never before cost so little. Your U. S. Royal Dealer or new car dealer will gladly give you all the facts.



A "safety crown" of 18,000 threads of flexible steel under the tread of the new Safety Age U. S. Royal Master forms an almost impregnable barrier to cuts, ruptures or blowouts in the vital tread area. This exclusive "safety crown" floats in soft rubber between the extra-deep tread and the nylon cord body, allowing the nylon sidewall to flex freely for the smoothest possible ride.

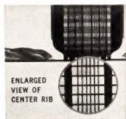
Stops up to 10 car lengths faster. Within the unique De-Skidded tread thousands of gripping "fingers" (enlarged view) grip the road the instant you touch the brake—an exclusive working safety device that increases your safety advantage as roads become more slippery.



United States Rubber

ROCKEFELLER CENTER, NEW YORK 20, N. Y.

IN CANADA: DOMINION RUBBER CO., LTD.





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A nice home for the family—comfortable furnishings—and savings. But how can you be sure that they will be yours tomorrow? You can't keep them in a vault. How can you guard them?

The safest and simplest way is with an America Fore Comprehensive Homeowner's Policy.

Here, in one package, is the basic protection you need—protection against loss from fire, windstorm, explosion, burglary, family liability and many other perils too numerous to list.

You select the coverages you want and decide upon the amounts you wish to carry. And best of all—if your selection includes *fire*, *theft* and *liability* insurance you qualify for

PREMIUM SAVINGS OF 10 TO 30% compared to the cost of like individual policies.

Get full information about the new all-in-one Comprehensive Homeowner's Policy from your local America Fore agent. To locate him, call Western Union by number—ask for Operator 25.



- ★ The Continental Insurance Company
- ★ Niagara Fire Insurance Company

- ★ Fidelity-Phenix Fire Insurance Company
- ★ The Fidelity and Casualty Company of New York



The wide, wide world of Willys!

How many of the world's countries can you name? Even if you're a geography expert, you'd be hard put to call all 135 countries of the free world in which the famous 'Jeep' family of 4-wheel-drive vehicles is sold and serviced. This helps explain why Willys is the 3rd largest exporter of commercial vehicles.

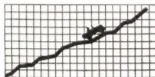
Finished 'Jeep' vehicles spring up all over the world—in any one of Willys' 21 manufacturing and assembly plants. It's an investment in international trade that pays off in profits *and* good will.

It's also an accomplishment that calls for a low

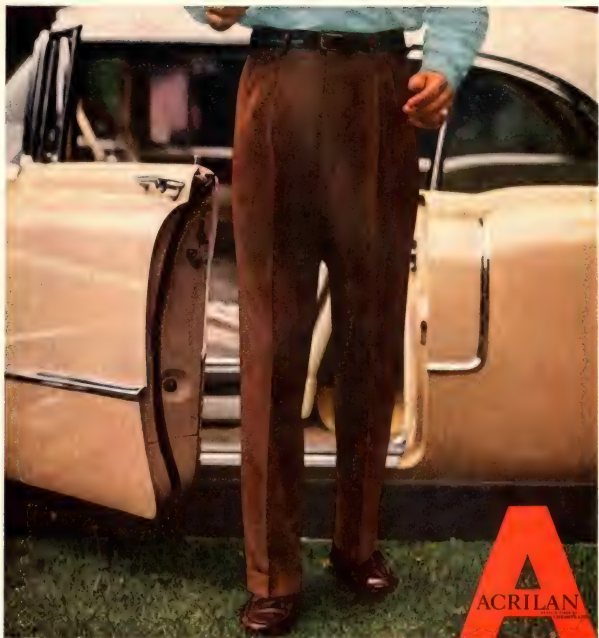
bow to the product—"vehicle of ten thousand uses". Some folks, perhaps, don't realize how vital a part of the transportation picture 'Jeep' vehicles are. In many countries 'Jeep' vehicles are so important that they receive preferred position when exchange problems restrict imports.

Export is but one field where the new spirit at Willys is paying off. (Domestic retail sales in 1955 were up 31%). Everywhere, there's a feeling in the air of a company on the move—and the enthusiasm is catching.

WILLYS...the company on the move!



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300 MILES AND STILL IN GREAT SHAPE because these slacks are made with Acrilan

Now you can climb out from behind the wheel without looking like an accordion! Even after a day on the road, these slacks will amaze you. Thanks to Acrilan, they'll hold onto their well-groomed look, their wonderfully luxurious touch. If a stray wrinkle does show up, just clip them to a hanger . . . and watch them practically press themselves. Even if you get caught in a shower, these luxury slacks won't wilt. And they'll never cling to your legs or pick up lint. Is this trip necessary? Then so are Chico slacks made with *Acrilan acrylic fiber!* **Chico® slacks tailored by ESQUIRE SPORTSWEAR CO.**

ACRI-BREEZE ABOUT \$17—ACRI-FLAN ABOUT \$19—ACRI-GAR ABOUT \$19.
SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF THE ROCKIES.

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"LIVE ACTION" TOUCH
for the fastest, easiest typing
in the world!



Gone is the "dead" feel, the "touchy" temperament of so many electric typewriters. Smith-Corona engineers have succeeded in breathing life into the electric. How? By cushioning the keybars so that they give—ever so gently—even if you thud the keys. Note, too, that both keyboard and keytops are scientifically slanted to fit the natural movement of the fingers for easy, effortless touch... with no steps to climb. The result is a "Live Action" Touch. That's just one of the reasons it's easier—much easier to type on a Smith-Corona, the world's fastest electric typewriter. Phone today for a revealing ten-minute demonstration



Smith-Corona ELECTRIC

Smith-Corona Inc Syracuse 1 N Y Branch Offices or Dealers in Principal Cities

LETTERS

B. & K.

Sir:
Congratulations on the fine and informative April 30 article on Khrushchev. It is a pity that the freedom-loving English invited a tyrant who, in his rise to power, executed millions of Ukrainians who resisted Communism.

TARAS CHARACHALIS

College Park, Md.

Sir:

To those behind the Iron Curtain, B. & K.'s visit here was a tremendous shock.

A. K. KEDZIOR

Colonel, former chief of
Polish General Staff.

London

Sir:

You overlooked one significant fact in the otherwise excellent analysis concerning the cold-shoulder treatment accorded to B. & K. by the British—as contrasted to the effusive welcome extended Georgy. It is crystal-clear that Boom Boom Khrushchev vanquished Peep Peep Malenkov in the preliminaries for the lumbing championship of the U.S.S.R. Now, the tag team of Him & Bom is in training for the finals. Naturally, the British, being the jolly sporting type, are rooting for the underdog to make a comeback.

CHARLES H. STROM

San Francisco

The Vanishing Range

Sir:

Every now and then somebody from another part of the country wants to know why Texas cattlemen are in bad shape financially when they made so much money during the war boom. Your April 23 story should give them the answer. Those of us who are sticking this drought out are not looking for shoulders to cry on. Your article does help the rest of the country to know about conditions. It might even help to buck up farmers and ranchers who have had good rains and good crops but are complaining about the plight of agriculture. Maybe

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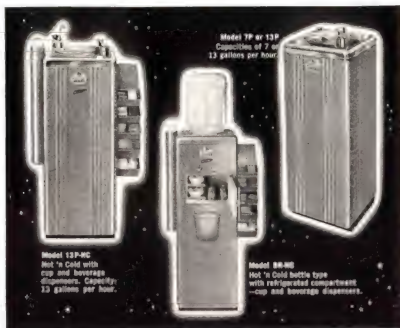
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TIME
May 14, 1956

Volume LXVII
Number 20

TIME, MAY 14, 1956

Light years ahead...the Star-Studded CONSTELLATION SERIES BY OASIS



Model 12P-NC
Hot 'n Cold with
cup and beverage
dispensers. Capacity
13 gallons per hour.

Model 7P or 13P
Capacities of 7 or
13 gallons per hour.

Model 86-NC
Hot 'n Cold bottle type
with refrigerated compartment
—cup and beverage dispensers.

Never have so many worldly wonders been built into one line of water coolers!

This series of wonderful new water coolers has much bigger capacities and re-styled, high-styled cabinets that are all dressed up in the new color-tone . . . Desert Dawn.

Stainless Steel Top is glittering new and always clean. Diagonal divider prevents splashing, takes waste water away instantly!

Famous Features include No-Squirt Bubbler, Pre-Cooler and Capacity Boost-

er, whisper-quiet operation and the Oasis 5-Year Factory Warranty!

Hot 'n Cold Models produce piping hot water for instant beverages, as well as cool water for refreshing drinking. The answer to the coffee-break. Complete beverage centers with color-matched cup and beverage dispensers.

The Constellation Series models range from 2 to 35 gallons per hour capacities; hand or foot operated; bottle or pressure.

The Most
Complete Line of
Water Coolers



OASIS
WATER COOLERS

THE EBCO MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Department 2-A, Columbus 13, Ohio

Send Full-Color Spec Sheets and facts on the new Oasis Water Coolers.

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What a Treat !

For big anniversary occasions and small everyday occasions, Black & White is the Scotch Whisky most called for in America. Its quality and character never change!

"BLACK & WHITE"
The Scotch with Character

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 86.8 PROOF

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some of Mr. Wilhelm's philosophy, full of grit and fortitude, could by contrast make their lives seem a good deal brighter.

W. A. SEIDEL

Knippa, Texas

Sir:

I've accepted the Big Dry with much the same resignation as I've accepted everything else about Texas. Your article made me realize it was not a local exaggeration. I would like to add a footnote: a fellow from the office went fishing last weekend and upon his return was naturally asked if he had any luck. "Sure did," he replied. "We found water."

A. A. AITCHES

San Antonio

Politics v. Principles

Sir:

On the farm bill veto you say [April 21] Eisenhower "decided to let principle not politics be his guide." Those who, after the President vetoed the gas control bill, said, "Now we know he is a candidate for reelection" have had their words flung back into their teeth. Dwight Eisenhower has again so refreshingly reminded us of the saying: "Politicians look to the next election, statesmen to the next generation."

M. C. McLAY

Los Angeles

Sir:

It is absolutely nauseating that the Democrats are so two-faced that they would play around with farm families' welfare just to be able to "provide the only way to get a Democrat elected President in November."

RICHARD L. BRUBAKER

Stillwater, Okla.

Art & the Artichoke

Sir:

On looking at your April 16 Art Section I marvel at people who are ready to buy Obscurus paintings that offend the eye, Like Picasso's wanton practical joke, That's known as the "Lady with Artichoke."

And wonder what odd capricious whim Could create this figure of visage grim. One thing is clear for all to see Who view her image: no Monroe, she, I can't truly say that I envy the bloke Who owns the lady of the artichoke; Then why go and pay a fortune small, To have her hanging on his wall?

HILARY E. ARATHOON

Guatemala

The Shores of Parris Island (Contd.)

Sir:

I'm finishing up my two-year tour with Uncle Sam, and therefore I had a great deal of interest in your version of the Parris Island tragedy [April 21]. The article was excellent. Sergeant McKeon made a "stupid mistake," but perhaps the real tragedy is the preparation, and the fighting of war itself.

ROBERT M. PALMER

Long Island City, N.Y.

Sir:

It was with great concern that I received the news of the unfortunate incident. My main regard is not for the loss of the six young Marines, sympathetic as I may be, but I am afraid the accident may precipitate another really great tragedy—a change in the Marine Corps' basic training methods. The Corps doesn't just teach a man how to fight, it makes a fighter out of him. I only hope that thoughtless political pressure will not

NEW!

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POCKET OR PORTABLE



NO TUBES

4 transistors

\$49.95

ACTUAL SIZE
Standard Model T-100

PLAYS FOR MONTHS ON ONE LOW-COST BATTERY



Take everywhere—play anywhere.
Powerful, sensitive.
Special "CONELRAD" dial
markings for quick
tuning of Civil Defense
broadcasts.



A roomful of brilliant sound from a mere handful of radio! Yet your new pocket-size transistor portable has no tubes, nothing to plug in. The single low-cost battery and four tiny transistors do all the work.

Raytheon transistors are rugged,

long-lived, power-saving—no wonder there are more in use than all other makes combined!

You'll want to own this Raytheon portable—to enjoy its fine, clear performance—indoors, outdoors, on train or plane, in boat or car.

Raytheon is the only transistor radio found acceptable and rated "best buy" by a leading independent testing laboratory.



Excellence in Electronics



Has 6 powerful transistors.
With earphone jack. Metal
wrist loop. Model T-150.



Speaker openings front, back.
Leather case. 7 transistors.
Model T-500.

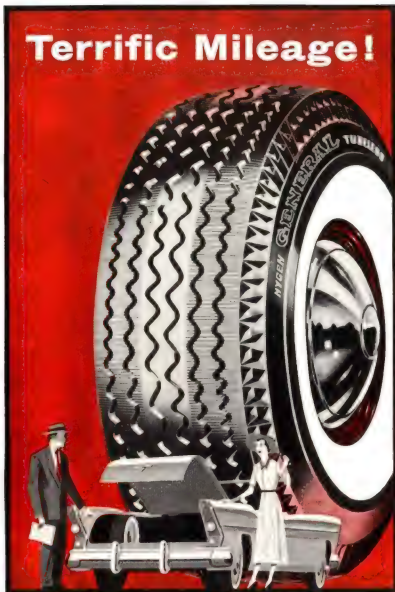


First twin-speaker transistor
radio. Leatherette case. 7 transistors.
Model T-2500.

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Terrific Mileage!



new...

HI-DENSITY RUBBER

HIGH-DENSITY RUBBER is an exclusive General Tire development. It combines tremendous new toughness with a degree of ground-gripping softness never before thought possible.

It adds many more miles of safe, anti-skid tread wear, with maximum protection against cutting and bruising.

Your General Tire Dealer will arrange a demonstration.

**THE
GENERAL
TIRE**

... GOES A LONG WAY
TO MAKE FRIENDS

cause the Marines to change certain traditional training techniques, which are instrumental in molding the fighting Marine who emerges from boot camp.

LLOYD W. MARTINSON

Madison, Wis.

Sir:

The commandant and the commander of the Parris Island barracks should be hooted from the Corps because the responsibility is squarely on their shoulders for allowing McKoon to be a group leader of men. McKoon, who is obviously a misfit, is to be pitied.

CHARLES M. WATSON

Brookhaven, Miss.

Sir:

Where were the lieutenants, captains, majors and colonels who were McKoon's superiors? They are the real culprits. General Pate should have been above placing the blame on a four-stripe sergeant.

JEROME K. HIGHTOWER

Colonel, U.S. Army (Ret.)

Junction City, Kans.

Sir:

King Christophe, mad dictator of Haiti, once had a formation of his troops march off the high walls of his fortress to their death to test their obedience. Unlike Sergeant McKoon, the King did not go with his men—perhaps because he realized "he had never been in the area before."

ARNOLD T. KOCH JR.

Menands, N.Y.

Sir:

If the U.S. Marine Corps had not used the type of training program employed, your magazine would be limited to a Japanese edition.

JAMES H. GOODMAN

Seattle

If You Knew Sousa

Sir:

Your April 16 article on the Washington Post refers to that paper as "celebrated in song by John Philip Sousa's march bearing its name." For years Sousa led the famous U.S. Marine Corps band quartered at Marine headquarters, Washington, D.C.—long known as the Washington post of the Marine Corps. I therefore contend that this martial air of Sousa's is the "Washington Post March" and not that of the Washington Post.

MONTGOMERY C. JACKSON

Colonel, U.S. Army (Ret.)

(Ex-Private, U.S.M.C.)

Carmel, Calif.

¶ In 1889 the Washington Post sponsored an essay contest for public school students and invited John Philip Sousa to compose a march for the prize-awarding day when some 22,000 children turned out for the great event (held on the Smithsonian grounds). There the Marine band, as the Post later reported, "played a stirring march composed by Professor Sousa dedicated to the Washington Post."—Ed.

Shohn's Freud

Sir:

The very unusual Sigmund Freud cover on TIME, April 23 is a pleasure to see.

ALICE VON SCHLEGEL

Larchmont, N.Y.

Sir:

Congratulations on your excellent covers. We are particularly fond of Henry Koerner.

TIME, MAY 14, 1956



How to make your children sparkle by KitchenAid

As many a family will tell you, a *KitchenAid* Automatic Dishwasher can help the children sparkle, too. Your after-dinner hour becomes the wonderful time it can be—a real family hour—you share with your children instead of the dirty dishes.

Here, in truth, is the "why" of a *KitchenAid*. It isn't just that it lightens your work (though this alone is marvelous). More important, your *KitchenAid* frees your hands. You lead a richer, fuller life, take part in the many activities for which now, somehow, "there just isn't time."

Of course we owe you this assurance: that when you entrust your

dishes to the unmatched *KitchenAid*, the job will be done to your complete satisfaction. This we promise.

But ask a dealer who handles several makes. Have him demonstrate the *KitchenAid* exclusive revolving power wash, the separate power-blower drying unit...the sanitary dual strainer system. See what they accomplish: the kind of washing that no scrap nor soil can escape...the thorough drying you want. Then set yourself for a surprise: no other dishwasher has these exclusive features.

When you find *KitchenAid* is truly "the finest made," ask your dealer about models, styles and colors.

You'll make the happy discovery that there is a *KitchenAid* just for you—as much at home in your kitchen as it is in your way of life.

For information, write Dept. KT, *KitchenAid* Home Dishwasher Division, The Hobart Manufacturing Co., Troy, Ohio, Canada: 175 George St., Toronto 2. Remember, the decorator styled food mixer and electric coffee mill are *KitchenAid*, too!

KitchenAid

The Finest Made...by 

World's Largest Manufacturer of
Food, Kitchen and Dishwashing Machines

The Sight-seeing way through the Southwest



A real Zuni Indian guide tells you stories and legends of the Southwest. This is only one of the exciting adventures you enjoy as you cross New Mexico on a Santa Fe trip between Chicago and Los Angeles. You'll meet him on the westbound El Capitan and the eastbound Super Chief.

El Capitan Super Chief

ALL-CHAIR-SEN STREAMLINER CHICAGO-LOS ANGELES
ALL-PRIVATE-ROOM STREAMLINER CHICAGO-LOS ANGELES

who painted the "Joan of Arc" (Nov. 28) cover. Shahn's "Freud" is wonderful.

GEORGE F. PARKER

Pittsburgh

Sir:

Ben Shahn is one of the most important painters in America nowadays; and I trust shows taste as well as discrimination in displaying examples of his art. I only wish that it would happen more often.

JEAN SIMARD

Ecole des Beaux-Arts
Montreal

Sir:

I suppose I am the 16,000th letter writer to point out that Dr. Freud's spectacles on cover are shown with the temple frame-inverted, or does the artist imply a minor Freudiosyncretism in the way the doctor wore his glasses?

P.A. LAVIN

Lenminster, Mass.

¶ No Freudiosyncretism; just a *lapsus manus*.—Ed.

The Freudian Couch (Contd.)

Sir:

Why will you stoop so low as to air the garments of an old rascal—an atheist—such as Sigmund Freud? Your story was superbly done, but have you ever paused to consider that "... the rowdiness, riot and revolt of the youth" can be laid at the doorstep of Freud & Co. You could make another bundle and lay it at the front stoop of the National Education Association—they picked up the ball and recast it as progressive (permissive) education.

R. C. MINNICK

Merna, Neb.

Sir:

To call Sigmund Freud a philosopher, in the true sense of the word, is a gross misnomer. A philosopher is one who examines the ultimate causes, principles, and reasons for man's existence. To construct a philosophy on Freudian principles would lead to a *reductio ad absurdum* to end all *reductioes*.

DONALD A. CONNELLY

Worcester, Mass.

Sir:

One devout and earnest Christian prayer is worth more in the healing of the human mind and heart than all the bunk-shooting of all the psychoanalysts in the world.

VINCENT GODFREY BURNS

Annapolis, Md.

Fair Hearings

Sir:

You quoted a part of my comment concerning the censure of the administration of Ohio State University by the A.A.U.P. [April 16]. In doing this you identified me as a professor of political science. It is true that I hold that academic rank but, for accurate reporting of a probable bias, it should be noted that I am also vice president and thus a member of the censured administration.

FREDERIC HEIMBERGER

Vice President

The Ohio State University
Columbus

Ward's Words

Sir:

I would like to congratulate you on the splendid April 2 article on Ambassador Angus Ward, sometime U.S. Consul General in Kenya. Having had the pleasure of knowing him, I would like to say that he was one of

TIME, MAY 14, 1956



How Huttig opened the door to savings galore!

ANOTHER BRIEF CASE BY MR. FRIENDLY

THE COMPANY: Huttig Sash and Door Company, St. Louis, Missouri—one of the oldest and largest millwork producers in the Midwest.

THE RECORD: Combined savings of \$135,644 through reduced insurance premiums* and from dividends in the last 6 completed years of their 25 years as an American Mutual policyholder!

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*Difference between manual rates for this industry and rates actually paid during these years.

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the finest "genuine" gentlemen one could ever hope to meet, and a wonderful ambassador for his great country. During his term in Nairobi Mr. Ward did not have a "bearded Korean hen," but he did have two most impressive long-legged Manchurian cats which were very important members of the Ward household. When Mr. Ward finally left Nairobi for his new post in Kabul, Afghanistan, these two enormous and very intelligent animals rode in state on the specially prepared rear seat of Mr. Ward's Cuddillac from Nairobi to Mombasa and later, after occupying their own cabin on board ship, from Karachi to Kabul, a trip of several thousand miles.

H. JACK LIVONIOUS

Nairobi, Kenya

After the Wedding

Sir:

TIME's April 30 recounting of the Kelly-Rainier wedding could have been kinder. Leave it to the unconcerned countries and the washed-out royalty of Europe to give the barbed remarks and the snubs...

RUTH ELINOR TREND

Bronxville, N.Y.

Sir:

I wonder how many letters you have received from those of Irish descent regarding Randolph Churchill's comment on the "vulgar Kellys"? Such remarks make it almost impossible to understand or believe in the publicized advantages of British diplomacy and rule in the few dominions and colonies Britain still governs.

MARGARET DE LUCCO

Tiffin, Ohio

Sir:

So! Britain could send only "a mere marshal of its diplomatic corps" [April 23] to the wedding of Prince Rainier II and Miss Kelly but was able to do considerably better for two visiting Russian commoners. I am wearied of paying taxes to support ungrateful people who feel they are too good to attend the wedding of a fine American girl.

MRS. JACKSON MARTEL

Macon, Ga.

Sir:

Rainier and his bride are extremely fortunate that anyone came as representatives of Great Britain and the U.S., and Queen Elizabeth's gift should be accepted gracefully.

BARBARA P. LEUCROY

Osceola, Ark.

Sir:

TIME implies that our Queen snubbed Rainier and his bride. But what could the Queen do? She had to frown on her sister's proposed morganatic marriage a short time ago.

T. F. BREEN

Sark, Guernsey, England

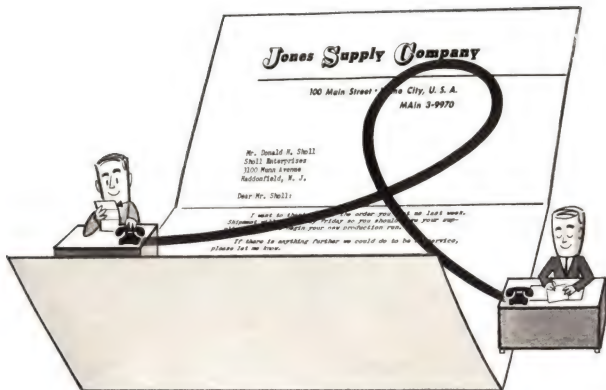
The Bold

Sir:

I don't know who wrote the April 16 review of *The Bold* and *The Brave* but I would like to express my profound gratitude for it... The idea for the movie came about when a young producer friend of mine was showing a 16-mm. film history of the 34th ("Red Bull") Division, and I saw my own tank destroyer in action in Italy. I got very excited and decided to write a war story. I will be grateful my whole life for such a profound, incisive and very beautifully written analysis of what I was trying to do.

ROBERT C. LEWIN

Beverly Hills, Calif.



Do you publish your telephone number?

That makes it easy for out-of-town customers to call you

These competitive days it's a good idea to have your *telephone number* on your letterheads, in your advertisements, and on business cards, invoices and any other forms that go outside your company.

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years; and the result is a new kind of service organization and systems method which now provides for the maintenance of all Martin products—from the company's assembly lines to operational flight lines anywhere in the world—at peak effectiveness and with maximum availability.

It is service on a *systems* basis, and already it's setting a new pace in the industry.

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Today's cars are FUN to drive... thanks to modern engineering miracles in roadability, suspension, acceleration and braking power. More than mere transportation, the automobile today... as in the days of the famed Stutz Bearcat... is a source of adventure, of sheer driving pleasure. But the improvements that make driving fun again also put extra demands on the mechanical parts of the car... and particularly on tires. To meet these demands, Dunlop has matched tire performance to car performance, with the new Dunlop Super Gold Cup Tire.

For the same reasons that most sports and competition car manufacturers equip their cars with Dunlop Tires, you'll find Super Gold Cups best for your car. These manufacturers have found that Dunlop Tires have the extra strength and stamina

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MISCELLANY

Two Stripes & Out. In Montreal, when R.C.A.F. Airman Joe Nicholls was told of his promotion to corporal, his mouth popped open with such surprise that he had to be rushed to the hospital with a dislocated jaw.

Shop Talk. In Great Bend, Kans., the Rev. Raymond Knowles improved parking conditions for himself and staff after he replaced "Reserved" and "No Parking" signs in the East Methodist Church's lot with signs reading: "Thou Shalt Not Park."

Hot Spot. In Dumont, N.J., three days after veteran Fireman John Carey was named chairman of a drive to raise \$15,000 to build a new firehouse, he was arrested on charges of burning the old firehouse to the ground.

The Defense Rests. In San Diego, Attorney Harold P. Curtis was relieved as defense counsel for Robert Sarenana, facing trial for passing bad checks, after the lawyer quietly told the judge that his client had paid for his professional services with a bad check.

The Play's the Thing. In New Haven, Conn., arrested after police found 3,021 lottery tickets in his home, turned up 1,144 of the betting slips in the refrigerator. Ellsworth Nixon, 59, protested: "I collect old lottery bets as some people collect old stamps, old coins and pictures of baseball players."

The Patient. In Butte, Mont., a woman telephoned the police station, reported that her husband and pet chow were missing, added: "I don't care about my husband; it's the dog I'm worried about. He's under a doctor's care."

Double Take. In Rome, police looked for the thief who drove off in Gustavo Zontini's car when he parked it outside the station house to report that someone had stolen his groceries from the back seat.

Fielder's Choice. In Mineola, N.Y., Construction Worker Dennis Smith vigorously denied that he had struck his wife, said: "All I did was pick her up and throw her out the door."

Stranger Than Fiction. In Memphis, Howard Miller, hoping to brush off an old girl friend, told her that he was wanted in seven states by the police, was picked up when cops got wind of his tale, then jailed on a genuine forgery charge when he paid his bail with a phony \$100 check.

Family Man. In Tokyo, Akira Ito was arrested for stealing 65 cameras valued at \$1,000, despite his explanation that he badly needed the money to support his four mistresses and their four children.



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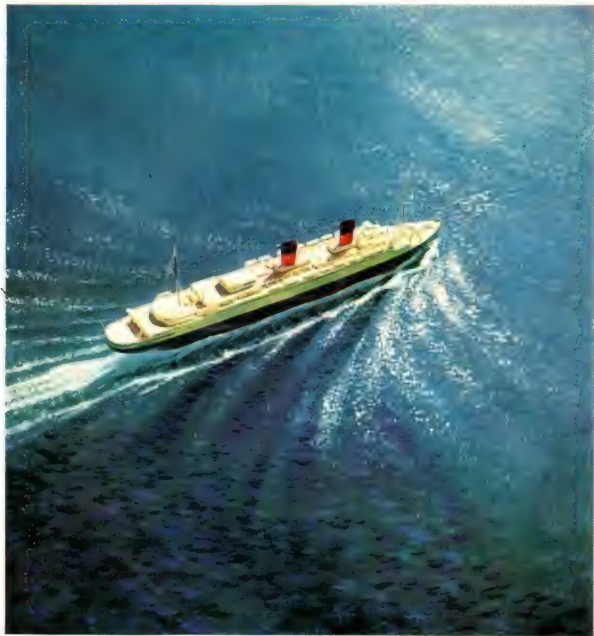
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James A. Linen

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SPALDING

SETS THE PACE IN SPORTS

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

Defense Under Fire

When it comes to General Curtis E. LeMay, the able, black-browed boss of the Air Force's Strategic Air Command, official Washington and official Moscow have one thing in common: they both regard him with considerable respect.



SECRETARY WILSON
Adding ships and bases.

Moscow knows that Curt LeMay can drop SAC's bombs on target and on schedule; Washington knows that he can drop his hard, soldierly opinions the same way.

Last week as LeMay testified under oath before a Senate Armed Services Subcommittee, chaired by Missouri's airwise Democrat Stuart Symington, the capitol rushed to man its security defenses. Symington's committee submitted all of its questions to LeMay in advance. In advance, LeMay wrote out all his answers for the next day's session. In all-night conferences, both questions and answers were reviewed at the Pentagon by an Air Force task force and by a high-ranking Navy security specialist. Of the 153 questions asked during two days' hearings, LeMay answered 78 in secret session. Despite all this, his public answers stirred up the thickest defense debate the Eisen-

hower Administration had yet seen. The key answers:

¶ Although SAC presumably could still win any war the Soviets might start, "we are not capable of winning it without this country receiving very serious damage. Five years ago we could have won the war without the country receiving comparatively serious damage."

¶ As of April 30, the U.S. had produced only 78 intercontinental jet-powered B-52 bombers, and SAC had been obliged to delay acceptance of 31 of these because they had a defective turbine in the electrical system, "for which we now have a solution."

¶ "If our estimate of Soviet production is accurate," the Russians are producing Bears and Bisons, their two modern long-range bombers, "at a combined rate substantially higher" than U.S. production of B-52s, and "we believe they now have more Bisons and Bears in their inventory than we have B-52s."

¶ By 1958-60 "the Soviet air force will have substantially more Bisons and Bears than we will have B-52s . . . I can only conclude then that they will have a greater striking power than we will have."

Special Dedication. Even before LeMay finished testifying, the Administration brought up its big bazooka. Defense Secretary Charles Wilson, to fire a challenging round. His "best information," said Engine Charlie enigmatically at a news conference, was that the Russians are indeed producing more long-range bombers than the U.S., but "in itself that is not a very high rate either for us or for them." Speaking of Curt LeMay, he added: "A dedicated specialist usually gets pretty well sold on his particular part of the business. That is no criticism . . . but in my experience, if you added up the desires and the stated needs and ambitions of all your specialists, you would have an impossible total on your hands."

Bolstering Wilson's point, another top-level Administration spokesman declared that to give LeMay everything he wants for SAC (including a force of 1,800 B-52s in 1958 rather than the 500 now planned) would require an immediate increase of \$55 billion in SAC appropriations, "Curt LeMay," said the spokesman half in admiration, "thinks only SAC."

Broadened Vision. The basic fact is that Bomber LeMay's command has long had top priority on U.S. defense funds and resources, and with this priority LeMay has performed a wonder of military

organization in welding a precision instrument of atomic retaliation. But precisely because SAC has guarded the peace, a changing world and technology have come to demand new and varied weapons—e.g., the atom-powered, atom-armed Navy envisioned by Chief of Naval Operations Admiral Arleigh Burke, and a missile system that can match the evergrowing



AIRMAN LEMAY
Counting Bears and Bisons.

threats of Russian missiles development.

As President Eisenhower told his press conference: "I think we ought to broaden our vision a little bit more widely . . . when we begin to compare our position with those of others . . . We have the most powerful Navy in the world . . . No one has talked about that. We have bases around the world, established for the particular purpose of using the [B-47] medium bomber and not being forced to make all our bases in the U.S. and therefore depend on intercontinental machines."

"I think by the time the Defense Department gets done presenting its full picture, the U.S. will see that they have had great bodies of men who have not been . . . indifferent to the security of the U.S. and who have carried their duties . . . to the point that the U.S. will feel a lot better than just on this one piece of testimony."

THE PRESIDENCY

Where Does Aid Go?

If the Administration was ready to drop an optimistic other shoe for the benefit of airpower alarmists last week, there was no such confident posture on an equally important question: Has the time come for a new look in foreign aid? For weeks there has been talk that a thorough review of U.S. assistance abroad was in the offing with stress on two problems: 1) How broad shall economic aid be? and 2) How will it be distributed? Congress has shown a willingness to mark time on 1957 foreign-aid appropriations until the review is completed.

Last week President Eisenhower invited key House and Senate leaders to his White House study for a two-hour discussion with Secretary of State John Foster Dulles. Instead of a long-range program, the men from Capitol Hill got an alternative: approve a flexible, \$4.9 billion 1957 program now; after that undertake a more thorough joint executive-congressional study.

Broad View. Next day Secretary Dulles flew off to the meeting of the NATO ministerial council in Paris, phrasing mark-time generalities on his program for expanding the scope of NATO (see FOREIGN NEWS). Questioned on foreign aid at the presidential press conference later in the week, Ike also seemed anxious to keep to broad terms. But he insisted on one point: "The present program has been built up on what we believe to be a minimum basis," and should not be cut. He hoped to see a commission formed that would start from this basis, report by about Jan. 20 its feeling on the big question: "In the years to come, where is U.S. aid going?"

Ike picked one place that is not going: through the United Nations. The President rejected Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge's suggestion that a larger share of U.S. aid be channeled through the U.N. Explained Ike: theoretically the idea is sound, but practically the U.N. is much too muddled by international politics for the Lodge idea to work. Our efforts, he said, must be as of now largely on a "bilateral basis." In Paris Secretary Dulles was unwilling to channel aid through NATO lest the act be misconstrued as resurgent Western colonialism. By rejecting these two outlets, the Administration was laying down some ground rules for Ike's long-range review.

Rigid Fix. Into his 30-minute press conference, Eisenhower crammed some other solid answers. Acknowledging a Washington debate over whether or not the U.S. is headed for inflation, he reaffirmed an earlier statement backing the Federal Reserve Board's decision to raise interest rates to member banks although the President's own administrators opposed the decision (see BUSINESS). In an off-the-cuff opinion, he suggested that Illinois' Senator Everett Dirksen's proposal to limit income taxes to a 25% ceiling might get the Government into "a



THE GOLFING EISENHOWERS
Down the middle.

very rigid fix." He revealed that he had persuaded retiring NATO Commander General Alfred Gruenther not to retire "for a long time, but I couldn't do it forever."

When a reporter sought comment on the Chotiner investigation (see below), the President laid down a two-prong code of ethics for the Government people under him. Every citizen must receive courteous treatment, he said, but at the same time, if anyone comes claiming privileges on the basis of a White House connection, "he is to be thrown out instantly."

Grandfatherly Beam. At week's end Ike drove to Gettysburg accompanied by two VIPs who were his weekend house guests: grandchildren David and Barbara Anne. While the President played the Gettysburg golf course, little David practiced his shots under the eye of Pro Dick Sleichter, then followed his grandfather's



John Swapp—LIFE
CAMPAIGNER CHOTINER (1952)
Down the corridor.

party around the back nine. Said Sleichter: "You'll be able to beat your father and your grandfather before many years." Father was not present to hear the warning, but grandfather beamed.

Last week the President also:

¶ Accepted the resignation of Rural Electrification Administrator Archer Nelsen, who will seek Republican nomination for governor of Minnesota.

¶ Accepted an invitation to receive an honorary degree May 25 from Baylor University at Waco, Texas, where he will discuss foreign affairs.

¶ Received as a present from West German President Theodor Heuss a book entitled *President Dwight D. Eisenhower's Vorfahren und Verwandte*, which traces Ike's family five centuries back to the Odenwald Mountains.

¶ With members of his staff attended the 20-minute memorial service for Alben Barkley at Washington's grey granite Foundry Methodist Church.

INVESTIGATIONS

The Friend from California

The name Murray Chotiner, dropped into the Senate investigation of military uniform procurement frauds a fortnight ago, set journalistic and political antennas twanging all over Washington. Reason: in the political context of 1956, the name Chotiner goes with the name Nixon.

A professional political manager, Lawyer Chotiner has been an important figure in California G.O.P. politics for 15 years. In 1942 he was field director in the first campaign for governor waged by Earl Warren, now Chief Justice of the United States. In 1946 and 1952 he was a campaign manager for Bill Knowland, now Senate minority leader. He helped in the Nixon campaigns for Congress in 1946 and 1948, and managed Nixon's campaign for the Senate in 1950. In the vice-presidential campaign of 1952, Chotiner helped guide Nixon through the hectic days of the Nixon fund uproar, and after the election was generally recognized—much to the irritation of some Southern California Republican bigwigs—as Nixon's closest home state contact.

"Situations." What interested the Senate Subcommittee on Investigations was the fact that Chotiner's name appeared in the records of one Herman Kravitz, a uniform maker from New Jersey, who had been convicted of misappropriating Government material and blacklisted as a Government contractor. What had Chotiner done to earn the \$5,000 fee that Kravitz' accountant had recorded? To find out, the subcommittee called Chotiner to testify in private, and then subpoenaed him for a public hearing.

The story began, Chotiner testified, when Kravitz telephoned him in Los Angeles, saying that he was looking "for a good lawyer, and that I had been recommended to him." Kravitz said that he wanted to move his business to Los Angeles, and later asked Chotiner to make two trips East to discuss the proposed

relocation and other "situations." At that time Kravitz was awaiting trial for misappropriating Government property and making a false statement in connection with the case. Chotiner eventually discussed the charges with an attorney in the U.S. Department of Justice, and they reached a prosecution-defense agreement: Kravitz' appeal from a guilty verdict on the theft charge was dropped, and the U.S. dropped the false statement charge. Kravitz' sentence: a fine of \$5,000. Chotiner's total fee: \$6,000.

Beyond the Kravitz case, Committee Counsel Robert Kennedy (brother of Massachusetts' Democratic Senator John Kennedy) began to throw some other names at Murray Chotiner. It developed that the California lawyer had represented Marco Regnelli, a notorious New Jersey hoodlum, who was trying (unsuccessfully, it turned out) to set aside a U.S. order of deportation. Also involved in Chotiner's dealings with Kravitz and Regnelli, in a way not entirely clear, was a man named W. A. Parzow, a convicted jury tamperer from Miami and Atlantic City, who seemed to have been instrumental in getting Chotiner and his trouped clients together. Called to the stand to tell his own story, Parzow hid behind the Fifth Amendment, guzzled one glass of water after another, complained that he was a sick man and wailed: "All I want to do is drink a lot of water to flush out my one kidney."

Two Calls. Inevitably, the big question came up: had Chotiner ever consulted Vice President Nixon about his clients? On this point, Chotiner was clear and firm: "I never discuss the people I represent or my cases with Mr. Nixon. I never discuss my clients' business with him." Asked South Dakota's Karl Mundt: Had Chotiner ever used the Vice President's office as a base of operations? Chotiner's answer: for political operations, yes; for business "never." In fact, when he had business calls to make, said Chotiner, he would go down the corridor and use the pay telephone.

Arkansas' John McClellan wanted to know whether Chotiner ever sought and received help through the White House. There were two "occasions," Chotiner replied, on which White House Aide Charles Willis Jr. (since resigned) and Cabinet Secretary Maxwell M. Rabb helped him to make contacts in connection with his activities as a lawyer. At the White House there was quick reaction. Presidential Press Secretary James Hagerty announced that in 1954 Chotiner had discussed airline cases pending before the Civil Aeronautics Board with Willis and Rabb, but there was no evidence of any impropriety. In both cases CAB handed down decisions against the Chotiner clients.

At week's end two points were clear: 1) Murray Chotiner had been sought out by, and had gone to work for, unsavory clients who obviously regarded him as a man of influence; and 2) on the basis of evidence so far adduced, he had been remarkably unsuccessful in wielding any,

POLITICS

The Grand Exit

In the tobacco country around Lowe's Crossroads, Ky., where Alben Barkley lived as a boy, going to church on Sunday was the most important event of the week. It was from the country preachers of Kentucky that young Alben acquired first impressions of oratorical technique, and the style he learned from them stayed with him to his last word. From the Sunday-meeting atmosphere he also drew many of his famed stories. He often told the one about the two deacons, one a Republican and one a Democrat, who were conducting a service together. "Oh Lord," prayed the Republican deacon. "let us Republicans hang together whether in accord or discord." Countered the

and won an apology from the President. In the process, Barkley dared to ridicule Franklin Roosevelt. Attacking the President's criticism of the tax on timber, Barkley roared on the Senate floor: "The President cites his own experience as a timber man. I do know that he sells Christmas trees at Christmas time. But to compare these little pine bushes with a sturdy oak, gum, poplar or spruce is like to comparing a cricket to a stallion."

That attack may well have locked Alben Barkley out of the White House. At the Democratic Convention in 1944, Roosevelt passed up Barkley and picked Harry Truman as the second man on the ticket. Bitterly disappointed, Barkley nevertheless made a passionate nominating speech for F.D.R. In 1948 it looked as if Harry Truman, too, might



N.Y. Daily News

THE BARKLEYS IN CHICAGO (1952)

"I would rather be a servant in the House of the Lord..."

Democratic deacon: "Oh Lord, be not particular—any cord will do."

Over the years Barkley's vigorous oratory and his rich, kindly humor won him ever-widening political success. In 1905, only four years after he started practicing law, he was elected prosecuting attorney for McCracken County, in 1909 county judge; in 1913 he went to the U.S. House of Representatives as a party-line Wilsonian, and then in 1926 to the Senate, where he became such a faithful campaigner and stumpster that Franklin Roosevelt threw him the majority leadership (through the medium of a "Dear Alben" letter) in 1937.

Cricket v. Stallion. When he was Majority Leader, Barkley's opponents called him a mere puppet of the man in the White House. Then, one day in 1944, Roosevelt vetoed the best tax-increase bill that faithful Alben could tug through a hostile Senate. Barkley resigned as Majority Leader, led the Senate in overriding the veto, was re-elected by acclamation,

pass up Barkley, but Barkley's keynote speech aroused a defeatist convention and made him the logical nominee for Vice President.

The Big Chance. He became the respected "Veep," a title created by his grandchildren and adopted by all of the U.S. He was the only Vice President of the U.S. to be married while in office. His wife of 44 years had died in 1947, after a long and expensive illness that Barkley paid for by tireless work as an orator at \$300 to \$1,000 a speech. While the public cheered him on, he courted and won, in 1949, Mrs. Jane Hadley, a handsome widow from St. Louis. "I have no way of knowing whether I'll make the grade or not," said the Vice President shortly before their engagement was announced. "but it's wonderful to have so many people pulling for me."

Barkley's big chance for the presidential nomination came in Chicago in 1952, but he was 74, and there was great concern about his health. He tried to over-

come that handicap. "If I felt any better," he said, "I'd send for a psychiatrist, because I'd know it was mental." When union-labor leaders turned him down in a dramatic hotel room conference, Barkley withdrew, deeply hurt. Two days later he went before the convention to make one of his best speeches and receive a hero's farewell. Harry Truman still believes, according to his memoirs, that Barkley could have been nominated if he had not given up.

In the Back Row. In 1954, Alben Barkley came out of retirement and went back to Washington as the junior Senator from Kentucky. But he was an aging man: his sight was failing; he was tired. Last week he went to Lexington, Va., to keynote the traditional mock Dem-

DEMOCRATS

Swingin' on the Golden Gate

Striding buoyantly along San Francisco's Eldy Street on a corner-to-corner, hand-kneading, quip-cracking campaign tour, Candidate Adlai Stevenson passed the California College of Chiropractic and laughed at the yell from students: "Hi Adlai, how's your feet?" Shouted Stevenson: "I'm going to come over there and lay down." A member of Stevenson's entourage murmured: "That's the first time I ever heard you make a grammatical error." Grinned Stevenson, whose Ivy League diction has been counted a political debit by his advisers: "I've got orders to make one grammatical error a day." Orders or no orders, Stevenson was

crowd in a parking lot. He perched on the rear platform of a cable car and shouted: "You have more happiness and gaiety here than any place in the world." He teetered on the concrete border of a Union Square flower bed and praised "one of the greatest civilizations of the world, here on the rim of the Pacific by the Golden Gate." He shook hands in a mixed Negro and Japanese neighborhood, wore a sombrero and serape and cried "Viva" in a Latin American community, sat at a green-topped table with 16 Chinatown moguls.

Beyond Deserts. That night, in a little Italian restaurant called La Pantera, he had the bubblinest, headiest experience of all. Outside La Pantera, a full block at the foot of Telegraph Hill had been roped off and was jammed with jostling, laughing, folk-singing Italians, who drank free wine from paper cups and made the night ring with their cheers at Stevenson's simple statement: "I have come here to ask for your vote." While four cups wrestled to hold back the crowd, Stevenson struggled into La Pantera for dinner with Owner Rena Nicolai and her employees. They pushed two bottles of Bardolino wine into his arms, then grabbed them and started pouring. While a tenor sang *La Donna è mobile*, Stevenson ate spaghetti and joined in a dozen toasts (to Adlai, to Rena, to good times, etc.).

Returning to the outdoor platform, Stevenson was obviously touched. "I have been blessed far beyond my deserts," he said emotionally. "I have often wondered why I went into politics. Now I know part of the answer. I never remember anything quite equal to the night on this street."

OHIO

Declaration of Independents

"There is no room for independents in our political system," said Democratic National Chairman Paul Butler, as he settled back to chat with students and newsmen at Ohio Wesleyan University last week. And he left no doubt in the minds of his Ohio listeners that he was talking about their independent Democratic Governor Frank Lausche. Lausche's recent endorsement of the President's farm bill veto "was quite shocking to Democrats everywhere—it was sharply in conflict with the majority." If Lausche wins his Senate race against Republican Senator George Bender this year, Butler would not hazard a guess whether Lausche "would vote with the Democratic majority or the Republican minority." And as for Lausche for the Democratic presidential nomination, "I haven't heard much about Lausche in the party outside of Ohio . . . There has been no organized effort under the administration of Governor Lausche to do anything for our national party."

Lausche, who has been politely mentioned as a presidential possibility by such powerful Southern Democrats as Georgia's Richard Russell and Arkansas' John McClellan, turned his thoughts only momentarily toward Paul Butler. "My



CAMPAIGNER STEVENSON ON SAN FRANCISCO CABLE CAR
Toasts to Adlai, to Rena, to good times, etc.

Associated Press

ocratic National Convention at Washington & Lee University. Before a capacity crowd in the university gymnasium, he again stood up to give a scathing, ultra-partisan Democratic speech that, largely because of the humor in it, would not offend even the most partisan Republicans. Looking back through history, he credited all the good in the U.S. to Democrats, all the bad to the G.O.P.

Pointing out that he had no further personal ambition, he raised his right hand high, and cried in an echo of the flowing Barkley style: "I'm glad to sit in the back row. I would rather be a servant in the House of the Lord than to sit in the seats of the mighty." Then, with the roar of applause and cheers from the 1,200 students ringing through the hall, Alben William Barkley, 78, slumped to the stage, dead of a heart attack.

* A typical and skillful Barkley rewrite of a reference to fit his particular point. The actual phrase (*Parsons 54:12*): "I had rather be a doorknocker in the House of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness."

acting like a candidate who enjoyed his role—and his day in San Francisco was one to remember.

Teetering on the Border. With the regularity of the rollers on nearby Stinson Beach, good news came pouring in to Stevenson that day. In the District of Columbia primary he had clobbered Estes Kefauver by a two-to-one margin and won all six convention votes. In the Alabama primary he had won at least 20 of the 52 half-vote delegates (with 20 others uncommitted and the rest facing runoffs), and thus indicated that he can hold his own in the Deep South. In the Florida panhandle, Campaigner Kefauver, acting as though his shoes were really pinching as the critical May 29 primary drew closer, complained that he had been smeared by a spreading rumor that he favored calling out federal troops to enforce desegregation.

Prospecting in San Francisco for California's June 5 primary, Stevenson stood on the kitchen balcony in the apartment of an unemployed Negro and spoke to a

strength," explained the five-term governor, as if to the inexperienced and the young, "has been that no one has been able to dictate to me—bankers on down to labor leaders, strip miners, truckers, the utilities and the whole raft of them. I can tell them all to go to hell except the people whom I've tried to represent."

TEXAS

Victory for Lyndon

Even for Texas, the fight was savage. Governor Allan Shivers, unbeaten and still packing a wallop after two decades in politics, was the official champ. Senator Lyndon Johnson, fast and clever, and seconded by implacable old House Speaker Sam Rayburn, was the challenger. The prize: control of the Texas Democratic Party, including its 56-vote delegation to the national convention. Last week, at more than 5,000 precinct meetings in 254 counties, Lyndon Johnson gave Allan Shivers a merciless drubbing, then added a couple of sharp kicks to make certain he would not get up.

Sam Rayburn had been setting Shivers up for the kill ever since 1952, when Shivers bolted his party and led Texas into the Eisenhower column. Picking his instrument of revenge, Mistuh Sam threw



More Photo

WINNER JOHNSON
A boot to the beaten.

his vast party influence behind his long-time protégé, Johnson, and labored mightily to build Johnson's prestige. Rayburn's plans were almost wrecked when Johnson suffered a heart attack last year. But Allan Shivers was in trouble too: he was serving a third full term in a state that likes its governors to retire gracefully after two; his administration was rocked by land and insurance scandals. (TIME, Aug. 8).

Last March Rayburn moved fast: he proposed that Texas go to the national

convention with Johnson in the dual role of favorite-son candidate and delegation chairman. Governor Shivers, anxious for a truce, agreed to the favorite-son proposition—but he was bound and determined that, come what may, he would himself head the delegation. And he made it clear that he would feel free to throw Texas to the Republicans again if the Democrats nominated someone, e.g., Adlai Stevenson, who was not to his liking. Shivers turned down Rayburn's proposal, attacked Johnson personally—and the fight was on.

It centered on last week's precinct meetings, where victory would give control of the county and state conventions. Shivers campaigned wildly, flailing about on all sides. Johnson, he cried, was "vain, ambitious and vicious," and was "playing footsie" with left-wingers to boot. The issue was whether the Texas delegation would become one "of errand boys bound body and soul in advance to deliver the Texas votes whenever and where Mr. Sam decrees."

Brownell's Puppet? Lyndon Johnson, relaxed, affable, appearing to enjoy the brawl, moved tirelessly around the state on handshaking tours, cracking at Shivers as a "Little Lord Fauntleroy with no place to go." Learning that Republican Attorney General Herbert Brownell had gone secretly to Woodville for a conference with Shivers last month, Johnson cried: "Allan Shivers is nothing but a puppet in Brownell's hands." Blasting away even more lustily was angry Sam Rayburn, who described the Shivers campaign as "rat alley politics" and called Shivers himself a "frustrated, unhappy, desperate man who knows he's going down for the last time."

On the day of the precinct meetings, Lyndon Johnson showed up at his Johnson City caucus in khaki shirt and trousers, was promptly elected chairman. The first returns, from rural areas, gave Johnson a healthy lead. But the cities, touted as centers of overwhelming Shivers strength, were still to be heard from. The city results were stunning: Shivers barely held Dallas, while Fort Worth, Houston and El Paso went to Johnson. The rout was complete.

"Demagogues Take Note." Before midnight, Johnson claimed a landslide. Said he: "I am beating him six to one." Then he booted his beaten opponent, crying: "The voice of the demagogue was heard throughout our state. The people listened—and then voted for the path of moderation. Demagogues everywhere listen and take note."

During the voting Allan Shivers was in Atlantic City, speaking at the 62nd annual convention of the Pennsylvania Bankers Association. Next day, his state's Democratic Party again in the hands of the loyalists, and his rival a presidential possibility of greatly increased stature. Shivers went to Washington for a television appearance. For all his Texas political future was worth, he might as well have stayed there.

ALABAMA

The Wages of Moderation

In the 15 months of his second term as governor of Alabama, moose-tall (6 ft. 8 in.) James Elisha ("Kissin' Jim") Folsom has striven to the limit of his limited talent to keep the peace between the races. He opposed or vetoed almost all the racist state legislature's anti-Negro bills:



Lewis Arnold—Birmingham News
WINNER MCKAY & WIFE
A jolt to the Kissers.

he criticized the spreading White Citizens' Councils. Last January he termed the legislature's resolution of nullification "nothing but hogwash," but he let the resolution pass without his signature so as to avoid an uproar.

In this spirit of moderation, Folsom submitted himself to the voters for a mid-term test of strength, running for Democratic national committeeman in the 1956 Democratic preferential primary. Last week Alabama rudely turned him down. Folsom won only four of the 62 counties he had won in 1955. He lost industrial Birmingham despite the support of the leaders of organized labor. He lost his own native Coffee County. He lost all of northern Alabama, the state's traditional stronghold of relative moderation. The tally against Kissin' Jim: 226,738 to 78,174, just short of three to one.

The man who beat Folsom was another significant pointer to Alabama's hardening mood: State Representative Charles W. McKay Jr., 35, lawyer, World War II bomber navigator, chairman of the Sylacauga White Citizens' Council, who authored the state's nullification resolution. McKay's way of campaigning was to call Folsom "one of the foremost supporters of the N.A.A.C.P." His victory was a grim political omen that would put little heart into the beleaguered moderates of the Deep South.

OREGON

Unexpected Competition

When Interior Secretary Douglas McKay announced in March that he would run for the U.S. Senate in Oregon this year, he expected to win the Republican nomination with the ease of a stone rolling down Mt. Hood. A big automobile dealer (Chevrolet and Cadillac) in Salem for some 30 years, a state senator for four terms and governor for four years (1949-52), McKay had been winning elections in Oregon since his college days. At first he planned to stay in Washington until June 1, with only a speech here, a bow there before the May 13 primary. But back home in Oregon last week, with the primary two weeks away, Old Campaigner McKay found himself struggling like a salmon making its way up the Columbia River.

A Carpetbagger? The main reason for this drastic change of plans is a thoughtful, tireless former instructor in political science named Philip Hitchcock. By the time McKay made his last-minute announcement, Hitchcock had already taken leave from his job as public-relations director at Portland's Presbyterian Lewis and Clark College and was on the campaign trail. Although McKay moved in with the urging of G.O.P. National Chairman Leonard Hall and the blessing of President Eisenhower, Hitchcock steadfastly refused to make way for McKay. He insisted that he, not McKay, is the man who can beat Republican-turned-Democrat Wayne Morse in November.

Not nearly so well known in Oregon as McKay, Phil Hitchcock nevertheless has a wide acquaintanceship built up through his work for the college and the Presbyterian Church, his fraternal (Kiwanis, Masons) activities and two terms in the state senate. Now he is moving across the state in a small plane lent him by his brother Maurice, a White Swan, Wash.



CANDIDATES HITCHCOCK & McKAY
The stone became a salmon.



WORLD WAR I CRYPTANALYSTS POSING IN

sawmill owner, making as many as 14 appearances a day.

With its overtones of orders from Washington, McKay's last-minute announcement caught many Oregon Republicans off guard, and created some resentment. Some of McKay's old friends who had lined up behind Hitchcock refused to switch. Objecting to the "commissioning" of a candidate in Washington, the *Salem Oregon Statesman* (circ. 18,646), published by former Governor Charles A. Sprague, an erstwhile McKay supporter, has come out foursquare for Hitchcock. The dangers in this situation are not lost on McKay. Says he: "You'd think I was a carpetbagger coming here from Washington instead of the grandson of a Hudson's Bay Co. trapper who settled in Oregon in 1842. It's pure nuts that two men in Washington told McKay to run. I made up my own mind."

Another Morse? In most of their campaigning, both Hitchcock and McKay have turned their fire on Morse and have been polite to each other. But occasional sharp notes have begun to creep in. Some friends of McKay have been looking at Hitchcock's record, and are saying that "the issue is whether we want to nominate another Wayne Morse." Says Hitchcock guardedly, in a state where Democrats have made the McKay-approved Hells Canyon dam project a symbol of "giveaway": "My activities as an Eisenhower Republican will not be tied to the policies of one controversial department."

This week, as the campaign rushed to a climax, Champion McKay was still ahead. But Challenger Hitchcock was running better than anyone thought he would.

ARMED FORCES

The Missing Pieces

No sooner had the court of inquiry opened its sessions at the Marine Corps Recruit Depot, Parris Island, S.C., than it realized that it was missing some pretty important pieces of a tragic puzzle. Devotion to discipline alone did not adequately explain why Staff Sergeant Matthew McKeon had led his recruit platoon on a night march into Ribbon Creek last April 8. Mere stupidity did not adequately explain why he had blundered his way into water so deep that six of his men were drowned (TIME, April 23). Last week, re-

porting on the court's findings, Marine Commandant Randolph Pate supplied the missing pieces.

Not only was Sergeant McKeon without authority to order such a march, said the report, but he had failed to provide the flashlights (or lanterns) and white towels (to be used as neck scarves) required by regulations for night hikes. He knew some of his men could not swim, and told non-swimmers in the platoon: "You will drown. The others will be eaten by sharks."

Basic reason for such incomprehensible behavior on the part of a normally conscientious junior drill instructor, McKeon had been hitting a bottle of vodka on and off all day, and "at the time he marched his platoon into Ribbon Creek was under the influence of alcohol to an unknown degree." The inquiry court's recommendation: McKeon should be court-martialed on four counts ranging from drinking in barracks to manslaughter.

After receiving the findings, General Pate took steps to prevent another such black night in Marine training camps. In a series of directives he:

❑ Transferred "without prejudice" his old friend, Major General Joseph Burger, who as Parris Island commander bore a command responsibility for the Ribbon Creek tragedy, to command at Camp Lejeune, N.C., where there is no recruit training.

❑ Set up separate recruit training commands at Parris Island and San Diego in which commissioned officers will more closely supervise the noncom drill instructors who do the actual training and who will remain the backbone of the training system.

❑ Ordered that "any and every practice" that involves "hazing, punishment or any other form of treatment incompatible with accepted American standards of human dignity be absolutely eliminated."

V.M.I.-trained Randolph Pate, with 35 years' service in the Corps, took his share of the blame for Ribbon Creek without publicly showing a tremor of personal feeling. (Says a subordinate: "I have never seen anything hit him harder than this.") "In a very real sense," said General Pate, "the Marine Corps is on trial for the tragedy of Ribbon Creek just as surely as is Sergeant McKeon. I will not blind myself to this fact, nor will I seek to disown the responsibility which is mine as commandant of the Marine Corps."



BILITERAL CODE: "Knowledge Is Power"

HISTORICAL NOTES

Secret Weapons

To the untutored eye, the photograph on the library wall in a quiet brick house on Capitol Hill looks like any other sentimental memento of World War I—a double rank of Army officers seeming foolishly dated in their choked collars. But, like virtually everything else surrounding slight, modest, 64-year-old William Frederick Friedman, there is more to the picture than meets the eye. "Note," he says, pointing with enthusiasm to his old colleagues, "some of the faces are slightly turned. That's because the picture is actually a sentence in biliteral code." Its message: "Knowledge is power."

Few men know about the power that lies in William Friedman's uncanny knowledge of such things as biliteral codes and complicated ciphers, but even a hint as to his accomplishments has been enough to make many a thoughtful citizen gasp in awe and respect. As the nation's top cryptanalyst, i.e., breaker of secret codes, William Friedman is one of very few men in U.S. history to receive both the Medal for Merit and the National Security Medal. In 1944, he was awarded the prized War Department Commendation for Exceptional Civilian Service. Last week, with only a vague idea of what it was rewarding him for but with no doubt whatever of the merits, the U.S. Senate passed a special bill voting William Friedman \$100,000 for services rendered.

Listening to Chitchat. What had he done? Mostly listened with a sharper and more discerning ear than anyone else to the chitchat of the enemies of the U.S. ever since the beginning of World War I. According to World War II Chief of Staff George Marshall, the cracking of the famed Japanese "purple" code, for which Friedman was principally responsible, led to vital foreknowledge of Hitler's intentions in Europe and gave the U.S. Navy a priceless advantage in intelligence that led to such critical victories as Coral Sea, Midway and subsequent bold carrier strikes. Friedman himself gently declines to take so much credit. "There is no single person," he once said, "to whom the major share of credit should go. It represents an achievement of the Army cryptanalytic bureau." But the fact is that, more than any other, it was Friedman who

raised the science of cryptanalysis to its present high standard.

Raising Hell. A Russian immigrant who came to America with his parents at the age of 14, Cryptanalyst Friedman developed an early interest in ciphers. Like many another schoolboy, he caught the bug by reading Edgar Allan Poe's *The Gold Bug*. But he put his new-found knowledge to no nobler use than that of exchanging cryptic love notes with a winsome classmate. After trying his hand in an ironworks after graduation from high school, young Friedman at last decided to work his way through agricultural college and become a farmer. Graduating close to the top of his class at Cornell, he was offered a job by one Colonel George Fabyan, a wealthy Chicago eccentric and dry-goods tycoon with a 500-acre estate near Geneva. "What do you do on your estate?" asked Friedman. "I raise hell," said the colonel.

With the aid of a large staff of assistants, the colonel passed his time conducting vast experiments in genetics, buying up old lots of abandoned express packages on the chance that they might contain something interesting, filling his house with furniture that hung on chains from the ceiling, and—from a special chair suspended from a huge tree before a great, open-air fireplace—delivering daily the hell he promised. Mrs. Fabyan contented herself with the relatively quieter companionship of a free-roving chimpanzee and a small private zoo of bears, wolves and coyotes.

A Slight Odor. Setting up bachelor quarters in a windmill, Friedman went to work and in time was put in charge of a project by which the colonel, among others, hoped to prove by cipher that Sir Francis Bacon had written the entire works of Shakespeare (see *FOREIGN NEWS*). After achieving this lofty honor, Friedman married one of the colonel's assistant cipher clerks, Elizabeth Smith. As World War I loomed on the European horizon, the impulsive colonel learned with a start that the U.S. Government had no cryptologists whatever. With scarcely a by-your-leave, he offered the services of his entire crew, including Friedman. From then on for nearly two years, much of the Government's cryptological effort was located at the Fabyan farm. Said William Friedman of the change: "I

was seduced from an honorable profession to one with a slight odor."

In 1921, after a brief return to the colonel, Friedman left his old employer for good to join the War Department. The six months for which he originally signed up stretched imperceptibly to a period lasting almost 35 years, during most of which his work was shrouded in the deepest silence. Some of the elaborate decoding machines that he invented were even too secret to be patented or marketed, and it was for these that the Government rewarded him last week. But as William Friedman and his ever-growing army of assistants worked in the darkness, their knowledge grew and with it the power of the U.S.

Now in retirement after three heart attacks, but still an ardent cryptanalyst, William spends happy hours with his wife Elizabeth working at their hobby. They will soon publish a book, intended to prove, by cryptanalysis, that the works of Shakespeare were written by Shakespeare.

STATISTICS

Knock on Any Door

Behind the front doors of U.S. households, reported the Bureau of the Census last week after nationwide samplings, live such statistics as these:

- ¶ Of the nation's 42 million families three-fifths are married couples living with their children or other relatives; the average married couple had two children living at home.
- ¶ Only 2% of U.S. married couples now put up lodgers or resident employees.
- ¶ Families with children move oftener than families without children.
- ¶ Over a five-year period the number of Americans living alone has increased by one-third. "Most of the persons living alone were women and, in particular, widows. There were twice as many women as men living alone in 1955."



Walter Bennett

WILLIAM & ELIZABETH FRIEDMAN
Shakespeare was Shakespeare.

THE KREMLIN

The Memories Rankle On

Stepping off the plane at Moscow into the organized cheers that pass for Soviet popular enthusiasm, the Kremlin's traveling twosome kissed ailing old President Kliment Voroshilov, accepted flowers from a covey of little girls, and acclaimed the success of their mission to Britain. But it was soon obvious that their most unforgettable moment was the roughing they got at the ill-starred Labor Party dinner (TIME, May 7). Said Premier Nikolai Bulganin: "However strange it may be, the only organization which tried by its conduct to spoil the atmosphere of our visit was the organization of the Laborites. They were given a well-deserved rebuke."

Nikita Khrushchev seemingly could not stop talking about it. The whole ranking story tumbled out. "Questions about some Social Democrats allegedly imprisoned in our country and in the People's democracies were especially prepared for us and shoved at us," Khrushchev said. "We firmly rejected these questions as provocative. They knew very well that we are doing everything possible to correct past errors in a number of cases, and that people who were condemned innocently have been rehabilitated. Why then, did they drag out this and other heinous questions, so as to gain favor in the eyes of the reactionaries?"

Nikita added hopefully that "we are convinced" that the leaders "did not have the rank and file of the Labor Party behind them," and tried to repair the damage to the Communists' worldwide drive (or a popular front with the Socialists). "We are prepared to rise above personal offense and provocative attacks," said Nikita grandly.

Cat Among Pigeons. Back in Britain, Labor Leader Hugh Gaitskell replied: "It was certainly not our desire to spoil the visit in any way, [but] we are bound to differ on the issue of imprisoned Social Democrats, which we regard as an issue of principle." George Brown, the right-wing trade unionist who is contesting with Nye Bevan for the party treasuryship, had been the most persistent of Khrushchev's hecklers at the dinner. He had been swamped with mail since "I scattered the cat among the pigeons," he said, and proudly added: "Mr. Khrushchev told me he had not met a man like me for 30 or 40 years—since he got rid of the Mensheviks."

Just as the Socialists seemed about to take all the credit for standing up to the Russians, the *Manchester Guardian* published a list of 200 political prisoners which the paper declared, Prime Minister Anthony Eden had handed to the Russians with a plea for their release. In Commons, Eden was the properly outraged diplomat. He had, he conceded, entered a private plea with the Russians to release religious and political prisoners in the sat-

ellite countries, but he had not "handed in this list, or any other list." He added: "I want to get results," and talked as if he still hoped to.

Divided Impression. The fate of the prisoners, and Nikita Khrushchev's thin skin on the subject, seemed to be the most lasting impression of the trip. In the London *Star* Labor's Elder Statesman Clement Attlee recorded his personal impressions of B. and K. Bulganin he had found "suave, restrained, and very easy to converse with. He gave an impression of reserved strength," but Khrushchev "struck me as a man who was not really very sure of himself, and therefore tried to give the impression of being a strong, rough man." Both Tito and China's Mao Tse-tung had



BRITAIN'S ATTLEE
Khrushchev, too, may poss.

impressed Attlee more with their quiet assurance. "That is perhaps natural for they have far more of actual achievement behind them. It may be that Khrushchev is just a passing figure, destined to be liquidated as so many others have been. There was at all events, in him nothing to show any real change of attitude to the West."

Victims' Mistake

Tens of thousands of slave Laborers first heard the news from crewmen on cargo vessels plying Siberia's 2,800-mile-long Yenisei River: the Kremlin was downgrading late Dictator Stalin and rectifying the abuses of his regime. Counting themselves noteworthy victims of Stalin's repression, the prisoners (working on a project to divert the Yenisei into a vast inland sea for irrigating arid Kazakhstan) saw a new day dawning.

Then last March several hundred Georgian prisoners arrived at the camps. They had been arrested in Tiflis for taking part

in a demonstration when the authorities failed to observe the third anniversary of Georgia-born Stalin's death (March 5). This seemed proof of the river boatmen's reports that the new regime was genuinely anti-Stalin. On April 3 at Mirnoye camp, some 600 miles north of Tomsk, "Stalin's victims" sent a delegation to the camp commandant asking for an amnesty in the light of the Kremlin's new policy.

The commandant's answer was to pull a pistol on the delegates, killing one. But before he could fire again the delegation had disarmed him, shot him dead with his own weapon. Word spread through Mirnoye and to two nearby camps. Prisoners revolted, disarmed the guards. On April 4 MVD security troops from the Arctic Circle towns of Norilsk and Igarka, armed with heavy machine guns, fought a battle with armed prisoners. Some 200 prisoners and twelve guards were killed. When prison order was restored, an estimated 80 prisoners were found to have escaped into the desolate countryside.

The Russian slave laborers had erred in thinking that a rewrite of the Stalin hagiography necessarily involves a revision of Stalin penology. The only inmates of the camp to benefit from the Kremlin's post-Stalin policy were seven Austrian P.W.s who (after eleven years in Soviet slave labor camps) were released a fortnight later in fulfillment of a Soviet promise to the new Austrian government. In Vienna last week one of the Austrians, telling the story of the Mirnoye revolt, gave the West a useful reminder of the unchangeable reality behind the redecorated Soviet facade.

MIDDLE EAST

Mission Accomplished

"The best sort of chap to have around we've ever seen," said an Israeli negotiator. "The entire world will feel a sense of relief because of his efforts," proclaimed Cairo's newspaper *Al Akhbar*.

Followed by such grateful and admiring words from those he had just pried from each other's throats, U.N. Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjöld this week flew back to New York from his month-long peacemaking mission to the Middle East. From Jerusalem he dispatched an advance report to the Security Council that Israel and the four neighboring Arab states had all promised to observe a cease-fire along their borders, and had agreed not to retaliate even if provoked.

Man of Distinction. Stopping the intermittent bloodletting on the Gaza strip was Hammarskjöld's most dramatic effort (TIME, April 30), but winning peace pledges along Israel's northern and eastern frontiers turned out to be his trickiest assignment. The Syrians, echoed by Lebanon and Jordan, insisted that they would not agree to a cease-fire unless Israel first promised not to go through with its an-

nounced plan for drawing irrigation water from the Jordan River. Israel would make no such pledge. Stymied for days, Hammarskjöld finally found a way through. Doubling back to Jerusalem, he made the point to Prime Minister Ben-Gurion: while tapping the Jordan would not be a violation of the armistice, it would float a 1953 Security Council resolution calling on Israel to cease water diversion. He returned to the Syrians and got them to agree to respect the cease-fire as long as Israel respected Security Council resolutions. Then he wrote a letter simply affirming that all U.N. members are obliged to abide by decisions of the Security Council. Both Israeli and Syrian faces were saved.

General of Armies. In the last decisive moments, Hammarskjöld had effective support from the Egyptians in urging their allies into line. Egypt is not eager to have a war over Jordan water. Besides Cairo and other Arab capitals, so lately cocky over Soviet help, have been cooled off considerably by B. and K.'s pledge to the British to work for Middle East peace. "Egypt does not want war," said Major General Hakim Amer in Cairo last week. "We appreciate the consequences."

War Minister Amer, an earnest, soft-spoken farmer boy from the Upper Nile, is the No. 2 man of Egypt's revolutionary regime, the closest confidant of Premier Gamal Abdel Nasser, and the leader who would assume command of the allied armies of Egypt, Syria, Saudi Arabia and Yemen should war break out with Israel.

Egyptian forces are "working day and night seven days a week" learning to use new Stalin tanks, MIG fighters and IL-28 jet bombers, Amer announced last week. But Western military observers think that many months must pass before the Egyptians can master their new weapons.

Amer confirmed for the first time that Egypt is getting submarines as part of its Soviet-bloc arms deal. Their obvious purpose: to blockade Israel.

NATO

What Can We Do?

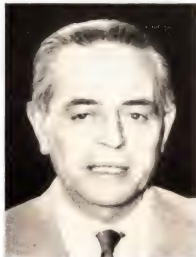
The statesmen arrived in a cloud of hopeful generalities. NATO must be transformed into "a more effective agency for consultation and cooperation," said Canada's "Mike" Pearson. John Foster Dulles talked of searching out ways of "advancing NATO from its initial place into the totality of its meaning."

But in the sweaty spring heat of the conference room in Paris' Palais de Chaillot, the 15 NATO foreign ministers seemed to have many ideas about what NATO should not do, very few about what it should. "We have no solid idea of what to pursue," admitted NATO's able Secretary General Lord Ismay. "Some people seem to think that we need work to do to keep us out of mischief."

The Negatives. Dulles had talked tentatively of NATO channeling aid to underdeveloped countries in the Middle East or North Africa. But even before the



CANADA'S PEARSON



ITALY'S MARTINO



NORWAY'S LANGE
In search of an idea.

conference opened, Britain's Selwyn Lloyd rejected the idea of NATO aid in the Middle or Far East, pointing to the Baghdad Pact as a better instrument in the Middle East, the Colombo Plan in Asia. And the French stiffly declared that they were quite capable of supplying all the economic aid North Africa needs and wanted no help from their allies.

France's unpredictable Foreign Minister Christian Pineau startled his colleagues by producing an elaborate, though vague, plan for "a world economic development agency" under U.N. Designed to include the Russians and to prevent an economic cold war, it envisioned a central bank to make long-term loans and a worldwide system of price supports for raw materials produced by underdeveloped countries. Pineau and Premier Guy Mollet are scheduled to visit Moscow late this month. Most of Pineau's colleagues suspected his plan was chiefly intended to make a good impression in advance.

Dulles listened, chewing on the end of a pencil. Then he spoke, beginning by reiterating the need for maintaining the West's defenses. The most urgent new problem was how to keep the underdeveloped countries out of the Communists' hands. Then, he too, launched into negatives. The U.S. did not think NATO should be converted into an economic body, either to channel aid or to plan it. If NATO tried to develop economic programs to help, it might be misrepresented as a revival of Western colonialism in economic form. Dulles favors expanding NATO's political instead of its economic role. He would set up a sort of super-Atlantic political standing committee where "people of stature" second only to the foreign ministers would meet regularly to thresh out such divisive issues as Cyprus, North Africa and the Middle East. He proposed the appointment of "three wise men" to study the idea.

Embarrassing Pressures. Much of the new impulse to broaden NATO was compounded more of embarrassments than of urgency. With the Soviet talking peace, it was embarrassing to some to have the Atlantic community talking only of arms. Some of the smaller nations, wanting aid which would inevitably come from the U.S., hoped NATO could make such aid more anonymous—and therefore without strings or need of gratitude. The old Big Three (U.S., Britain, France) were a little sensitive about the demand from other NATO nations for more voice in the councils of the mighty. Last week Canada's Pearson, going all out, urged NATO development "to the point where no member would think of taking actions which affected the others in any substantial way, either politically or economically, without prior discussion."

Rather than grapple unpreparedly with the issues raised by Pearson, the NATO ministers quickly approved Dulles' suggestion of a committee, and named Canada's Pearson, Italy's Gaetano Martino, and Norway's Halvard Lange to see what they could think of by next fall.

MOROCCO

Justice in Marrakech

Before he died of cancer last winter El Glaoui, the wily and tyrannical Pasha of Marrakech, had groveled before the new Morocco, represented by Sultan Sidi Mohammed ben Youssef (TIME, Nov. 21), and had been forgiven. But a good many of the new Moroccans bitterly remembered the bloody clubs with which El Glaoui's police, protected by the French, had for years enforced an arbitrary justice in their city. They remembered the huge levies collected at gunpoint to swell his coffers. Feeling that the returned Sultan had let the old pasha off far too easily, they formed an underground organization and drew up a list of 230 former Glaoui aides deemed deserving of death. It included onetime Khalifa Bel Mekki, who brutally broke up a shopkeepers' strike in the pasha's city, Mohammed Bourqba, who held a lucrative post as guardian of the religious wealth, as well as important caids and former police officers.

Last week, after the French formally transferred police powers to Moroccan authority, vengeance began. As the former Caid Omar Sektani and his secretary drove past a dusty camel market in Marrakech, their car was stopped by a mob, who shot both men, dragged their bodies to a nearby garbage heap and set them afire. Another mob burst into the home of Bel Mekki, shot him, cut up his body and tossed the pieces into a fire. Glaoui's old guards were caught, put into carts, tortured publicly, burned alive. Throughout the day and night mobs rampaged through the native quarters of Marrakech committing further horrors. "Don't mix in this," a huge, bare-to-the-waist Moor told one French cop. "It's not your business." Native police refused to fire on their countrymen.

At the end of two days, though not a Frenchman had been touched, 42 Moroccans were dead. The worried Sultan sent three high officials to Marrakech to appeal for order. "Nobody," he said, "has the right to administer justice for himself."

FRANCE

Shaky Hand

The Poujade crusade, so triumphantly throatful only four months ago, was floundering badly, and Pierre Poujade knew it. With cynical and weary skill, the veterans of the National Assembly had made fools of his shopkeeper-Deputies, and expelled seven of them for faulty credentials. His shopkeeper voters waited in vain for the tax relief Poujade promised. Last week Poujade, who refers to himself affectionately as "the Little Poujade," retreated from Paris to his old home town of Saint-Céré and summoned to him his leaders from all over France.

There Poujade put on the old act at which he excels. "Up to now we have made propaganda," he cried. "We must pass on to acts." His notion of action: convocation in Paris, by fall, of the first

States-General since 1789.* Peeling off coat, vest and tie, Poujade orated: "When delegates from every corner of France, backed by half a million Frenchmen, gather at the Porte de Versailles, Republican legality will no longer be at the Palais Bourbon but there where we are." At this heady vision of a new march on Paris, every provincial shopkeeper and artisan delegate cheered lustily.

Poujade himself was moving his headquarters back to Saint-Céré, leaving only a shadow group in Paris to watch the machinations of the decadent Fourth Republic. The States-General, he explained, would not be a Parliament, but would result in "the reform of the state and its institutions, and automatically the passage to the Fifth Republic. My personal opinion is that a presidential-type regime will save the situation." He did not have to



POUJADE AT SAINT-CÉRÉ
"Legality will be where we are."

name his favorite candidate for President.

After three days of closed-door conferences guarded by stalwart, arm-banded youths of the Poujadist *Service d'Ordre*, the 400 delegates approved Poujade's program. All talk of mutiny was quelled by Poujade's threat to resign. "If you want me as active chairman," he said, "you must support me. The day I have to take the scalpel, my hand will not shake. But remember, the surgeon never operates without the full consent of the family." With a shouted ovation, the family gave its consent.

Many another Frenchman felt the need of an operation for the ineffectual Fourth Republic. But it was increasingly doubt-

* A body made up of the three "estates"—clergy, nobility and bourgeoisie—which achieved its greatest glory in 1789 when it met and launched the French Revolution. Meeting in the tennis court at Versailles, the third and largest estate defied the King, became the first legislature of the revolution.

ful that France would choose loud-voiced Little Pierre as the surgeon.

Socialist Premier Guy Mollet won four votes of confidence from the Chamber of Deputies last week, on proposals to increase old-age pensions and levy new taxes to pay for them. The measure was a sop to his Socialist supporters, who are restive at the strong measures Mollet is taking in Algeria. Mollet's right-wing opponents do not want to bring him down, because it suits them fine to have a Socialist taking the unpopular but necessary action in Algeria.

GREAT BRITAIN

Mystery in the Deep

What happened to the frogman? All over Britain the question was being asked last week, but the answer was shrouded in a watery mystery that suggested a Jules Verne fantasy rewritten by Eric Ambler.

Despite his nickname, Commander Lionel Kenneth ("Buster") Crabb was no great shakes as a surface swimmer; but given a pair of rubber flippers, some goggles and an oxygen tank, he was at home in the murky depths. In 1942 when Italian divers were busily attaching lethal limpet mines to the bottoms of Royal Navy ships at anchor off Gibraltar, Buster Crabb was even busier at the far more dangerous job of removing them. Mustered out of the navy at war's end with the George Medal for heroism, Crabb returned to civilian life as a salesman.

Three weeks ago Frogman Crabb was once again plying his old trade in Britain's home waters, but no one, or practically no one, knew it until last week when, after an admitted delay of ten days, the British Admiralty announced tersely that Commander Crabb was "missing and presumed drowned." What had happened? All the Admiralty would say in amplification was that Frogman Crabb had been called back for special assignment and was "employed in connection with trials of certain underwater apparatus."

Buster Crabb and an unidentified male companion had checked into Portsmouth's Sally Port Hotel on April 17. On the following day, the Russian cruiser *Ordzhonikidze* steamed into Portsmouth harbor bearing Visitors Khrushchev and Bulganin. Crabb was absent from his hotel room all that day. The next day he checked out and was never seen again. The day before the announcement of his disappearance, operatives from Britain's top-secret Criminal Investigation Division tore all records of his stay out of the hotel register. If Portsmouth's police were hunting for clues, they were not admitting it. "Our inquiries," they said, "are governed by the Official Secrets Act."

The Russians themselves were less reticent but only slightly more informative. "A watchman on our ship saw the frogman come to the surface in Portsmouth harbor," said an assistant naval attaché at the Soviet embassy, but "we were in a British port and there was nothing we

could do." It was nevertheless true that soon after anchoring, the *Ordzhonikidze* had taken the precaution of putting a crew of its own frommen over the side.

Had the Russian frommen met their British counterpart in the quiet deep? Had Buster Crabb been killed then and there, or kidnapped and carried off to Russia? At week's end, the mystery of Frogman Crabb's fate remained as deep and impenetrable as the waters that surrounded so much of his life.

Empty Theory

To many a zealous amateur scholar it is unthinkable, for reasons not always clear, that Dramatist William Shakespeare should have written his own plays. Some have preferred to credit Sir Francis Bacon, others the Earl of Oxford, the Earl of Rutland or the Earl of Derby. Some 20 years ago a Broadway pressagent named Calvin Hoffman dug up another old theory: the true author was the dissolute young genius Christopher Marlowe. Marlowe, so this one goes, was not killed in that famous tavern brawl; he simply went into hiding and as an outlaw wrote the plays since credited to Shakespeare. Proof of this theory, Hoffman figured, might well be found in the tomb of Marlowe's benefactor Sir Thomas Walsingham, who was laid to rest some three centuries ago in the parish church at Chislehurst, Kent.

For three years Hoffman plagued church authorities and Sir Thomas' descendants for permission to open the tomb. Last year, amid the storm of controversy that followed publication of Hoffman's book *The Murder of the Man Who Was "Shakespeare"*, consent was reluctantly given. Last week Sir Thomas' tomb was opened. "We found sand. No coffin, no papers—just sand," reported the crest-fallen Hoffman. Added the *London News Chronicle*: "Alas, not even poor Yorick."



John Phillips—Life

HUNGARY'S PARTY BOSS RAKOSI
Cheap at any price.

EAST GERMANY

Losing the Little Finger

In East Germany after World War II, some 700,000 Social Democrats, influenced by feelings of comradeship for the Communists during the bitter struggle against Hitler, accepted the Communist slogan—"Democracy v. Fascism"—at its face value and joined a popular-front organization called the SED. Among them were hundreds of top Socialist leaders, including ex-Editor (of the anti-Nazi *Brandenburger Zeitung*) Friedrich Ebert, fat, pink-cheeked Max Fechner, onetime toolmaker, and gaunt, ambitious Otto Grotewohl. When skeptics called the SED a Communist maneuver, Grotewohl laughed and said that the Socialists, outnumbering the Communists three to one, would take over the SED.

A fortnight ago, as the SED celebrated its tenth anniversary in East Berlin's Metropol theater, a count by West German Socialists showed that 657 top Socialist leaders were in East German or Soviet prisons. In the lower echelons, the number of former Socialists jailed or killed could only be estimated, but it amounted to thousands. Socialists had been removed from all positions of importance in East Germany. Communist in all but name were Grotewohl, now the jowly Premier of East Germany, and Ebert (son of the Weimar Republic's first President), now the alcoholic mayor of East Berlin. Far from being embarrassed by the fact that so many of his old Socialist comrades were in prison, Grotewohl maneuvered to make capital out of them. He offered an "amnesty" for imprisoned Socialists as a means of "reaching an understanding," i.e., another popular front, with West German Socialists. As a gesture of good will, he released Max Fechner, a broken old man after three years in East German jails.

Last week Grotewohl got his answer in a pamphlet issued by the West German Socialists. The founding of the SED, said the pamphlet, was "the darkest day in the German workers' movement." It solemnly warned, "Whoever tries to make a pact with Communists will perish doing so. . . . Whoever lets the Communists have his little finger will lose his whole hand. . . . Whoever tries to remain neutral towards Communism gives himself up."

YUGOSLAVIA

The High Price of Friendship

In the days of his exile from the fold, nobody stomped on that "fascist dog" Tito with more enthusiasm than Hungary's bullet-headed Matyas Rakosi. He eliminated his enemies (notably former Foreign Minister Laszlo Rajk) on the charge of "Titoism" and missed no opportunity for verbal abuse of Tito himself. Then Big Brother told all good Communists they had to be nice to errant Little Brother Tito—or else. It was Tito's turn, and he demanded Rakosi eat a full portion of crow, and be quick about it.

Rakosi was naturally reluctant. He du-



Gerhard Gronsfeld—Life

EAST BERLIN'S MAYOR EBERT
Red in all but name.

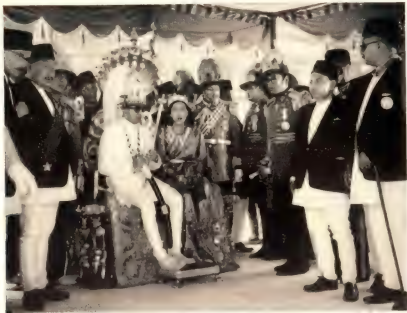
tifully found a Beria-type scapegoat, his own ex-police chief, Peter Gabor, and blamed him for all the misunderstanding. But when Tito demanded \$200 million as Yugoslavia's bill against Hungary—war reparations, damages claimed as Hungary's part in the Cominform boycott—Rakosi offered only a measly \$20 million. Tito indignantly refused.

But during the winter months, Rakosi's position deteriorated. After Khrushchev's denunciation of the "cult of personality," Hungarian rank and file began muttering complaints of Little Stalin Rakosi. At the spring meeting of the Hungarian Writers' Federation, Rakosi was called a "murderer" and a "Judas," and on a vote of confidence only 20 out of 180 writers supported the party. Rakosi's one advantage is that the Russians seem unable to find anyone to replace him. But when the news came that Tito had been invited to visit Moscow in June, Rakosi began to act like a worried man with a vision of Tito complaining about his noncooperation. He hastily "rehabilitated" the late Titoist Rajk, began extolling "collective leadership" and Yugoslav friendship, rushed Finance Minister Karolyi Olt to Belgrade, where the price for buying oil was expected to be about \$130 million.

SOUTH KOREA

Shinicky's Wake

It takes a brave man to oppose high-handed, old (81) Syngman Rhee, who has won every presidential election since South Korea became a republic in 1948. As the leader who fought the Japanese for half a century and held his country together against the Communists, Rhee is the only man whose name is a household word in his nation. He has never been content to leave it at that. Opponents have found it unhealthy to defy Rhee and his machine; some have been beaten up



KING MAHENDRA & QUEEN ENTHRONED
Pink and blue bathtubs, and gallons of Coke.

or jailed; others have decided to withdraw. This year, seeking a third term, Rhee faced a man who also fought the Japanese and was not afraid of fighting Syngman Rhee: P. H. Shinicky (Shin Ikhi), a longtime critic of Rhee in the National Assembly. Rhee, confident of victory, has not even bothered to campaign for next week's election.

Shinicky, 62, campaigned vigorously. One day last week, after charging that national police were intimidating people into voting for Rhee, he boarded a train in Seoul to begin a stumping tour of south-western Korea. As the train sped south, Shinicky slumped over quietly, died later of a cerebral hemorrhage. Word of his death was flashed back to Seoul, and his body was put aboard a special government train for return to the capital.

As the train pulled into Seoul, it was met by a crowd of 20,000, many of them students from Korea University and the National University of Seoul, both anti-Rhee strongholds. "Overthrow Dictator Syngman Rhee," they shouted. Some climbed over the train and smashed windows in an effort to view Shinicky's body. Then, when the body was transferred to an ambulance, demonstrators snake-danced through the streets after it.

When the procession passed the presidential mansion, the mob shouted anti-Rhee slogans, wanted to carry Shinicky's body in to Rhee. Police fired over their heads. Under cover of a barrage of stones, about 300 demonstrators continued to advance. The guards lowered their rifles and fired a volley into the mob, wounding several. Police reinforcements soon arrived, breaking up the biggest riot against Rhee since the end of the Korean war. The government announced that it was too late for Shinicky's Democratic Party to enter another candidate.

NEPAL

Auspicious Moment

In pomp and circumstance worthy of his impressive titles, a bespectacled Nepalese named Mahendra was last week crowned King of Kings. Five Times Godly, Valorous Warrior and Divine Emperor. With the towering Himalayas as a backdrop, and money no object, it was the subcontinent's party of the year. Everybody was anxious to make the coronation a thumping success. Distrusting the manners of their local waiters, the Nepalese had imported 130 skilled servants from India to minister to the distinguished guests. The best chef in town was sprung from jail (where he was serving a sentence for bootlegging) to supervise the feasts. Forty extra taxicabs of 20-year vintage had been driven into town over the new road from India. Pink and blue bathtubs, toilets by the dozen, chickens, ducks, guinea hens, smoked salmon and gallons of Coca-Cola had all been flown in over the mountains to brighten the occasion. A million Nepalese and some 400 foreign guests jammed the capital city of Kathmandu (pop. 175,000) to enjoy them.

Royal Prospects. The King's prospects are better than his predecessors'. For more than a century the Kings of Nepal, whose subjects believe them to be the reincarnation of the god Vishnu, were virtual prisoners of their Prime Ministers, whose usurped power was handed down through the Rana family for generation after generation. A revolution sparked by neighboring India in 1950 toppled the Ranas and restored the Kings, under the benevolent protection of Jawaharlal Nehru, who needs mountainous Nepal as a buffer against Communist China.

On Coronation Day, reflecting the new tranquility, the lush green valley sur-

rounding the capital shimmered with fresh color. Hibiscus and gardenias vied with the brilliant new paint on farmers' houses that looked like huge, multi-flavored ice-cream cones. Here and there shone the glint of newly gilded brass gods, while ringed all around were the ghostly peaks of the high Himalayas. In the midst of it all, Coronation Guest Lowell Thomas, in proper tails, darted about directing a crew of Cinerama cameramen.

As the ancient coronation ceremonies began in the courtyard of the ornate royal Palace of the Monkey God, the slight young King, in white jodhpurs and tunic, and his young Queen Devi, in a bright red sari, strolled casually in to take their places, cross-legged and barefoot, on white cushions placed before the throne.

An Elephant Ride. All around them, saffron-robed Brahman priests bustled hither and thither, frequently consulting notebooks to get the complex ritual straight. An occasional argument in stage whispers broke out and was quickly hushed. After the royal couple mounted the throne—at exactly the auspicious moment of 10:43 a.m.—the head priest, moving carefully so as not to knock off the young King's glasses, placed upon the monarch's head a peaked helmet adorned with bird-of-paradise feathers[®] and some \$2,000,000 worth of precious gems.

When the official ceremony was done, the King, the Queen, the leading officials and the distinguished guests were hoisted onto the backs of newly painted elephants for a grand parade through the city. Britain's aristocratic Earl of Scarborough and one of Red China's Vice Premiers, Ulanfu, who shared a howdah, smiled wanly at the cheering crowds as their huge beast heaved and rolled along the line of march. Behind them an elephantload of Indian maharajas grinned as happily as college boys joy riding in a hot rod.

[®] All traffic in bird-of-paradise plumes has been internationally banned since 1924, to prevent the extinction of the birds. Learning that Nepal badly needed to replace its *non-royal* royal plumes, the U.S. shipped over a package of 100 plumes that had been stored in New York City's American Museum of Natural History.



Time Map by V. Popoff

TIME, MAY 14, 1956

BHUTAN

Land of the Dragon King

Among the visitors who flew in to Katmandu for King Mahendra's coronation last week (see above) were three sturdy men wearing swords, embroidered knee-length felt boots and striped wrap-around coats. They were from tiny (18,000 sq. mi.) Bhutan, a state perched in the Himalayas between India, Sikkim and Tibet. Although King Mahendra's close neighbors, they had traveled eight days—on foot and by pony to India, and then by plane to Nepal.

In the 20th century only 30 foreigners (not including Tibetans and Nepalese) have visited the big, rambling mountain fort at Punakha that serves as Bhutan's capital. So rugged are Bhutan's passes and so formidable its mountains that the Indian government's political agent makes the trip to Punakha only once every three years. In Bhutan there is not a single wheeled form of transport—no bullock cart, not even a bicycle. Everything in Bhutan is carried along bridle paths by mules. Bhutan has no electricity, no roads, no factories, no industries, no movies. And there are no cities, only clusters of farmhouses surrounded by rice and wheat fields. When trouble occurs in some corner of the kingdom, it may take two months (in time of flood, six months) for the news to reach the government.

Call Me Mister. What gives Bhutan real distinction is the fact that it is a country without an army—at the moment. The head of the government is youthful (27) Druk Gyalpo Jigme Wangchuk, whose name means Dragon King. Up to six months ago he ruled Bhutan (pop. 300,000) with the aid of a council of eight, 125 civil servants and a handful of palace guards. Among the Dragon King's closest advisers is bespectacled, English-speaking Jigme Dorji, 37, one of the delegation visiting Nepal. Although he is the King's brother-in-law, he has no title. "Just call me Mister," he told TIME Correspondent Jim Greenfield in Nepal last week. Elder Statesman Jigme told a sad story of modern influences overtaking tiny Bhutan.

Shortly before the Chinese Communists seized Tibet, the Bhutan government closed its northern borders. But having no army or frontier guards, the Bhutanees were unable to prevent numbers of Tibetans from crossing into Bhutan. Many of these unwitting visitors turned out to be Chinese in Tibetan clothing. On the other side of the mountains, Red China is building a road toward Bhutan. To strengthen his government the King recently set up a Central Advisory Council composed of elders elected by tiny villages. Explained Jigme: "We have begun to sow a few seeds of democracy."

The Museum Piece. At the same time, he justified Bhutan's continued isolation: "Almost 98% of Bhutanees own their own farms. If we opened our country to foreign aid now, India, and perhaps even Red China, would rush in, overwhelm

us and reduce our people to a servant class."

India's Prime Minister Nehru, mindful of northern frontiers with Red China, calls Bhutan's isolationism ostrich-like. No hand at joining democratic alliances himself, Nehru is annoyed at not having been able to ally Bhutan with India as closely



THE KING OF BHUTAN
No cities, no army, no wheels.

as he has Nepal. A trickle of aid (\$150,000 a year) flows into Bhutan from India, not enough for modern services and education, or realistic defense. But there are signs that modern progress may yet penetrate Bhutan. Said Mr. Jigme last week: "We can't remain a museum piece."

SOUTH AFRICA

The Man Between

Under South Africa's racist laws, the country's 12½ million citizens are being inscribed as white, colored (mixed blood) or native in a vast racial register known as the Book of Life. The government's eventual goal is to shuffle them into separate communities. Last month, as officials began enforcement of a 1950 law forbidding members of one race to move into quarters formerly occupied by another race, the first of what may be thousands of little neighborhood tragedies unfolded in a Johannesburg court.

Broken Window. The bewildered victim was Fred Nicholas, a swarthy little cabinetmaker who moved into the predominantly poor-white Bertrams district of Johannesburg shortly after the law was passed. Dark as he was (he explained that his father was of Portuguese origin), he had long passed as white and been so classified. His wife worked with other white women at a nearby factory, one of his sons went to the all-white Athlone high school. But one day Nicholas quarreled with John Fillis, a colored school-

master who lived around the corner. "Your kids broke my window with a slingshot," he said, and struck the schoolmaster. Smarting, Neighbor Fillis vowed vengeance, and knew how to get it. Informing the authorities that he himself had taught two of Nicholas' brothers when they were living in a native quarter, he got the authorities to reopen Nicholas' listing for the Book of Life this year and change it to colored. That meant Nicholas was unlawfully occupying his corrugated iron and brick house in Bertrams. The government hauled him into court.

An array of friendly white neighbors took the stand to testify that Nicholas was accepted as a white in the neighborhood. But a more dramatic witness, a tan woman, took the stand, and carefully avoiding Nicholas' eyes, said: "My name is Susan Jacobs. I am the sister of the accused. I am colored and married to a colored. The accused is a colored." Cross-examined, she then blurted that two other brothers live as Europeans. Evidence piled up: colored, colored, colored.

Nicholas testified: "I admit I sent two of my children to a colored school because they are dark, and I didn't want to hurt them." When Nicholas desperately produced two tickets to a 1955 rugby game to prove that he sat in the European section, the magistrate looked at the stubs, harked: "Actually, you used Gate Five? Would you deny that the gate you used was the one used to admit colored and Indians?" "I—I don't know," stammered Nicholas, cringing.

Broken Up. Under the Group Areas Act, Fred Nicholas was one of the first helpless figures caught by the searchlights as he shuffled uncertainly across the shadowy border that divides black from untrusting white in South Africa. To be reclassified as colored means that he will have to leave his home, move into a colored neighborhood, lose his vote, his job. No one knows how many other little neighborhood tragedies are likely to follow, some, like that of Fred Nicholas, starting with a slingshot's rock through the window.

Deadly Drink

South Africa's bootleg native drink, *shokian* (subject of a recent U.S. hit tune), is usually mixed by "shokian queens" who know how to spike it with enough methyl alcohol to provide the jolt that thrills but does not kill. The balance is so easily upset that natives often go mad or blind from the *shokian* they buy in the *shebeens* of the native quarters.

The 100 natives who came upon a deserted railway tank car near Durban last week recognized the lettering "alcohol" on the car, but the prefix "methyl" meant nothing to them. Agog with the prospect of a gay weekend, they drained off 22 gallons of methyl alcohol still in the bottom of the tank and carried it off in a big black drum to be mixed into home brew. But first they decided to have a quick taste all around.

A few hours later nine of them were

dead, and 55 were writhing in pain in hospitals. Next morning 27 more did not show up for work, and police began searching empty lots and alleys for their bodies. The drum of methyl alcohol was found nearly empty, its contents presumably circulating among other unsuspecting drinkers. Police cruised the native quarters with loudspeakers, warning: "Don't drink this weekend. Don't drink this weekend."

UGANDA

The Accountant

Accountant Robert John Edwin McKerrow's undeniable skill with figures had brought him some doubtful rewards, among them a number of convictions for forgery and embezzlement. But a good talent is hard to suppress, and when British-born McKerrow was sentenced to 4½ years in Kampala's Luzira Prison for juggling an employer's books to the tune of \$14,000, he was promptly assigned to take care of the prison accounts.

It was a happy day for the inmates at Luzira. Since it was McKerrow who paid the prison's pipers, he it was who called the tunes. He established an official club-room in his cell to beguile the prisoners' weary hours with brandy, gin, whisky, cigarettes and regularly delivered copies of British racing forms. For a while the club kept an open stock of canned tidbits, but McKerrow soon had to lock them up because one dishonest prisoner took to pinching the stores. Each evening the select prisoners would dispatch willing warders to place their bets with local bookies.

When a less obliging guard in McKerrow's prison objected to the presence of McKerrow with a woman prisoner in the warders' quarters, he was promptly transferred. Even one of the prison matrons was said to have warned all rival females: "Leave McKerrow alone. He's my man!"—although McKerrow himself vigorously denied having relationships with anyone but a dusky teen-ager on the outside named Christine Goa, whom he had made pregnant.

As his prison term drew to its close, foresighted Prisoner McKerrow took the precaution of applying for a job as an accountant in England. Last week he was reluctantly forced to write his prospective employers to tell them that he might be delayed in reporting for duty. A shortage of \$1,400 in the prison books and a considerable cache of money found in McKerrow's cell led to an investigation, a trial, and the sentencing of Robert John Edwin McKerrow to 18 months more at "hard" labor.

RED CHINA

The New Look

As half a million Chinese streamed past the Gate of Heavenly Peace in Peking's May Day parade, a still breeze caught thousands of colored banners and whipped them through the air. It was a fine day for the public reappearance of one of the

revolution's most lamented victims: the skirt. For the first time, women marchers stepped along smartly in bright spring frocks and blouses instead of the sexless jackets and pants of recent years.

When the Communists took over China in 1949, Red leaders continued to wear their "liberation uniform"—dark trousers and jackets usually padded into shapelessness with cotton. Out of both prudence and necessity China's people followed suit, and women's clothes became almost indistinguishable from men's. Those who had *chi pao* (long gowns), like their slinky, slit-skirted sisters in Hong Kong and Singapore, put them out of sight.

Visitors to China found this sartorial conformity grim and depressing, and said so. When even the Russians complained (one said that he could not tell the difference between boys and girls in a school),



RED CHINESE FASHIONS
Freed from liberation.

the Chinese decided it was time for a change. Said a Chinese official ruefully: "In the Moscow theater, wherever there is a cloud of black and grey, that is the Chinese delegation." Several months ago, the Peking government began to encourage a new style that would better reflect "the happiness of the socialist society that our people are enjoying."

But the people, having learned the safety of anonymity, were wary of proclaiming an individuality or a prosperity that might later be used against them. They had to be urged. Said a Peking commentator: "Let a few pioneers set the example and the masses will follow." To push the new look, fashion shows were staged in Peking, Shanghai, Canton and other cities. Despite warnings against tight dresses and too much "making up," sales of brassieres and Imperial Concubine face powder (named for a famous beauty of the Tang dynasty) shot up. A government official even spoke of "the beauty of curves." A

dress shop opened last week in Peking with 3,000 spring dress varieties on sale.

Cried a Peking commentator: "Trees are budding and flowers are in bloom: let everyone of us dress up gaily, and compete with the beautiful spring." Nonetheless, practically all the men continued to wear liberation uniforms, and many women cautiously covered their new dresses with old clothes. The timid scanned the May Day reviewing stand for signs that would give them courage, but Chairman Mao and his gang appeared in their old dark suits, more like a phalanx of rigid revolutionaries than flowers in bloom.

SOMALILAND

Beginning of a New Nation

Less than 30 years ago, Aden Abdullah Osman was a houseboy for a minor Italian official in Italian Somaliland, a barren land on Africa's bulging eastern coast. Last week Aden Abdullah, now prematurely grey, rode through the streets of Mogadishu, the capital, past cheering crowds and saluting soldiers, to become the chairman of Somaliland's first elected Parliament and the leader of a new nation.

Aden Abdullah's rise from houseboy is typical of the changes that are taking place in Somaliland, a territory larger than Italy but with fewer people than Rome. When the British in World War II drove out the Italians who had ruled it since 1892, they found a backward, incredibly poor land populated chiefly by spear-carrying nomadic tribesmen. They seized every scrap of the country's machinery for reparations and tore up its only railroad.

In 1949 a U.N. General Assembly resolution made Somaliland a U.N. trusteeship under Italy's care, setting 1960 as the date when it would become a free Somalia. As a matter of national pride, the Italians took seriously the job of sprucing up Somaliland. They repaired the war damage, started port developments and irrigation programs, built new hospitals and dispensaries, and tripled the number of native schools (though only one Somali in 100 can read and write). Somali tribesmen, mindful of their hatred of the Mussolini colonial era, at first conducted a war of terrorism against the territory's Italians, killing more Europeans than were slain in Kenya's Mau Mau revolt. But tribesmen have been won over by Italy's patience and good will. "Somalis will always be grateful to Italy," said Aden Abdullah. Last week, with its ten-year trusteeship term half over, Italy turned over all legislative power to an elected native Parliament. Abdullah's party, dedicated to modernization of the Somalis' age-old tribal life, and opposed by traditionalist tribal parties, won 43 out of 63 seats.

Abdullah wears European suits and Somali headress, and is a man in transition like his country. "I was born in the wilds," said he, "My parents were nomads and my birth was never registered. I think I am 38 but of course I am not certain."



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THE HEMISPHERE

THE AMERICAS

Club Meeting

A golfer named Ricardo ("Dickie") Arias, who is President of Panama, last week sent an amiable invitation to a golfer named Dwight ("Ike") Eisenhower—and to the chiefs of government of the 19 other American republics. Come to Panama, said Dickie, on June 25 and 26. Occasion: the anniversary of the Congress of Panama, called in 1826 by Liberator Simón Bolívar.® Motive: nothing more than a get-acquainted meeting of the Presidents' club, with whatever dividends of good will and better understanding that might flow out of such newly made friendships.

Though he gives the credit to Bolívar, Dickie Arias himself apparently thought up the idea for the gathering, as an extra flourish to a commemorative meeting of the Council of the Organization of American States starting in Panama June 22. It was a proposal that might have aroused nervous objections; leaving 20 capitals without Presidents all at once was an idea without precedent. But the invitation got a warm reception three days after it had gone out; seven Presidents accepted. Among those who approved the idea in principle—subject to demands that may be made on him by the adjournment of Congress—was President Eisenhower.

PUERTO RICO

Island Workshop

Two lines will meet and cross on a graph in Puerto Rico this week, and thereby touch off a great celebration. The crossed lines mean that, for the first time in history, manufacturing has edged ahead of farming as Puerto Rico's major source of income.

To hammer home the point, no fewer than 20 new factories are to be officially opened. Heading the list is a \$2,000,000 General Electric plant to make circuit breakers; other factories will produce

® Though only four nations (Colombia, Peru, Mexico and Guatemala) attended, it is regarded as the birthplace of Pan American unity.



GOVERNOR MUÑOZ MARÍN
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such goods as coils, rubber buckets, screen wire, photolithography, saber saws, frozen foods, billfolds, brassières. The openings will bring to 400 the total of plants drawn to Puerto Rico by its famed Operation Bootstrap.

Puerto Rico's self-help plan is a smashing success, there for any eye to see. San Juan's big, handsome new airport at Isla Verde, built for \$15 million, makes most mainland terminals look shabby. An impressive low-cost housing program in San Juan has built 20,000 units. Private building has kept pace. Television antennas forest the roofs of the dwindling slums, and Governor Luis Muñoz Marín this week inaugurates an island-wide TV hookup. Wide boulevards and superhighways stretch out from the capital.

Two 300-room hotels are going up near San Juan to help the 300-room, 99½% occupied Caribe Hilton handle the expected \$75 million-a-year tourist traffic. Laurence Rockefeller is putting \$1,000,000 into a 72-room luxury hotel with an

18-hole golf course designed by famed Golf Architect Robert Trent Jones. And all over the island are the new factories. They are well-lit, pastel-tinted and smog-free (there is no heavy industry), and their signs cry out familiar brand names: Remington Rand, Sylvania, Paper-Mate, U.S. Rubber, Textron, Maldenform, A.S. Beck, Carborundum, Van Raalte, Bostitch, Sunbeam.

Up from Desperation. But not just any eye can measure the whole force of Puerto Rico's tug at its bootstrap. The full change dates from the '30s, when the economy revolved around the apathetic peasant sugar-cane cutter, and when industry—even rum-making—hardly existed. In 1940, Puerto Rico resolved that it was going to transform itself. Industrialization became a major goal. As a starter, the government bought out mossback electric companies, built dams, strung transmission lines, and thus provided the electricity that powers today's boom. But the most astute stroke was the 1942 creation of a government corporation, now called the Economic Development Authority, with a charter to industrialize the island.

At first the corporation built and ran plants, e.g., a wartime rum-bottle factory, a cement plant. But some strikes that followed showed the vulnerability of government in the double role of industrial labor's friend and employer. The lesson grew clear that the way to industrialize was to attract U.S. capital. In 1948 Operation Bootstrap, based on that principle, got under way.

Double Profits. Any serious U.S. businessman who wants to start a factory or a branch plant in Puerto Rico gets kingly treatment from Bootstrap. Under Administrator Teodoro ("Ted") Moscoso, a briefcase-toting man in horn-rimmed spectacles who flouts Latin tradition by working 70 hours a week, EDA can offer mouth-watering inducements. It will provide the businessman with labor from its big files of workers, trained in everything from pastry-baking to power-sewing by one of the world's largest vocational schools. It will build a plant and rent it to him. Moving to Puerto Rico will free



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him from U.S. income taxes. And as the biggest come-on of all, Puerto Rico will exempt him from all corporate taxes for ten years if the industry he starts is a new one for the island and not a "run-away" from the mainland. His personal income from dividends, moreover, can be exempt from taxes for seven years in the first 15.

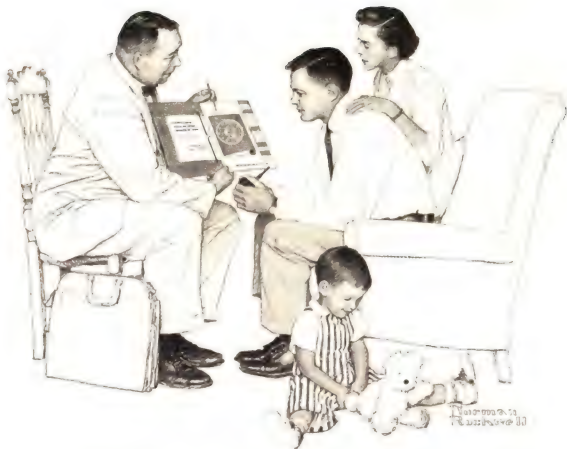
Failure is not impossible; 107 firms established under Bootstrap have gone broke for assorted reasons. But the successes are notable. A plastics manufacturer who started in 1953 with a \$15,000 investment cleared \$300,000 last year alone; a 1952 investment of \$675,000 netted \$2,800,000 in 1955. The average return on capital before taxes is double that of U.S. companies.

Free State. Under Governor Muñoz Marín, Puerto Rico's political innovations have kept pace with the economy. Muñoz is uniquely fitted for island leadership. The son of a famed Puerto Rican statesman, he grew up in Washington, lived for a while as a Greenwich Village poet and intellectual, then returned to Puerto Rico. By hinterlands campaigning for "Bread, Land and Liberty," he developed a powerful backing among the peasant farmhands, and in 1940 became Senator and an influential leader. In 1948 he became Puerto Rico's first elected governor (and was re-elected in 1952 for a term that expires in 1956).

When in 1950 Congress offered to let Puerto Rico write its own constitution, Muñoz helped draft it and happily saw it approved, 375,000 to 83,000. The constitution makes Puerto Rico self-governing in local affairs, gives it a relationship to the U.S. defined in the official Spanish term as *Estado Libre Asociado* (Free Associated State); the official translation is Commonwealth. Congress' laws, notably the draft, apply to Puerto Rico, but because the island has no vote in Congress it is spared the income tax.

Overpopulation. Puerto Rico's industrial revolution has wrought the expectable statistical wonders. Per-capita national income went from \$122 in 1940 to \$434 in 1954. v. 1954's \$201 in the neighboring Dominican Republic, \$538 in West Germany, \$1,845 on the U.S. mainland. As a market for the continental U.S., the island, buying \$584 million worth of goods last year, outranks all foreign countries except Canada, Mexico, the United Kingdom and Japan.

In thus making more goods available, Bootstrap has tackled one approach to Puerto Rico's basic problem: overpopulation. More than 2,300,000 cram the island, 670 to the square mile. From the approach of providing work, Bootstrap has been barely a holding operation. It has created 33,000 industrial jobs, and perhaps even more resulting service jobs. But a runaway birth rate combined with a death rate lower than the mainland's—plus a parade of labor from the increasingly efficient farms—pours 20,000 workers a year into the market. In the short run, only by heavy emigration to the mainland and the Army's draft has Puerto



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Awarded Fashion Academy Gold Medal 1956

Rico been able to keep unemployment from rising despite Bootstrap. In the long run, Bootstrap's higher living standards may help importantly: statistics show that the birth rate drops with every increase in family income and education.

Transformation. The pull of Bootstrap has transformed Puerto Rican life: the dejection of the past is lost in new pride. A case in point is Salinas, on the south coast, once a drowsy and impoverished sugar town. In 1952 Paper-Mate opened a ballpoint-pen plant there, hired 400 workers, three-fourths of them women who had never worked before, and began to sprinkle a payroll of \$1,250,000 a year over the town. As almost the first result, a jewelry store opened to sell the gold watches Puerto Ricans admire. A market soon developed for used cars, furniture, refrigerators.

Now in Salinas, to work for Paper-Mate is to be somebody. After work, in a tableau like a scene from *Carmen*, the girl penmakers, dressed in factory-provided blue smocks, parade their status through the streets. Drawing a sharp contrast with the old way, sheepish cane cutters often perform the unmanly chore of bringing lunchboxes to their working wives at the plant.

A transformation as speedy and effective as Puerto Rico's has worthwhile lessons for all Latin America, and for all underdeveloped countries with industrial ambitions. The lesson is not being lost: the story of Puerto Rico is better known among development-minded people abroad than it is among Americans. For this week's festivities, 323 foreign students and technicians are on hand, the latest of more than 3,000 who have come in the last five years from such distant places as the Fiji Islands, Pakistan, Iceland, Israel, Ethiopia and Nepal.

They come especially to learn Puerto Rico's pragmatic techniques of letting private enterprise develop an area while a democratically elected government supplies aid and incentives. Luis Muñoz Marín thinks that they also see "the U.S. at its undogmatic best: the helping hand guided by the undoctinaire spirit, so forgetful of its bigness that it fully reveals its greatness."

BRAZIL

Hit Visit

Brazil's Vice President João ("Jango") Goulart and his pretty wife arrived in Washington last week for a state visit that turned into an immediate personal hit. Goulart, one of the most colorful and controversial of Brazil's traditionally high-voltage politicians, was welcomed warmly by Vice President Nixon, talked at length with Secretary of State Dulles, dropped in to chat with President Eisenhower, conferred earnestly with A.F.L.-C.I.O. Chief George Meany, and still had time to attend all the formal dinners and receptions that go with a state visit.

For the 38-year-old Vice President, the U.S. trip was much more than a run-of-the-mill good-will jaunt. Goulart has

proved himself a skillful vote getter, particularly among his country's workers. But his success with labor has also won him the bitter distrust of many military leaders, who call him everything from Peronist to Communist.

Through all of last week's protocol, Goulart took special pains to make one point clear: Brazil is staunchly anti-Communist and he, as Brazil's Vice President, is staunchly anti-Communist as well, despite the fact that his ticket received a Communist endorsement in last October's elections. He summed up the struggle against Communism in his speech to the Senate: "For the U.S. it is mostly an external effort, which can be and is being kept away from the shores of this country by the joint action of your diplomacy and the organization of your civil defense; whereas for the Latin American countries



Walter Bennett
NIXON GREETING THE GOULARTS
A point to make.

such as Brazil it is chiefly a domestic problem because it has roots in the hardships which beset large segments of the population.

After the social whirl of springtime Washington, the Goularts were in a mood for informal relaxation when they arrived at Texas' King Ranch later in the week. At the ranch there was time for a long sleep, late breakfast and a midmorning inspection trip. Goulart, a rancher himself, looked long and hard at the ranch's famed herd of Santa Gertrudis cattle (3½ Brahman and 5½ Shorthorn bred for good beef and hardness), but made no decision to buy any.

From Texas the Goularts move on to Kansas City, Detroit and New York (with a stopover in Canada). But with a more relaxed schedule, Goulart, who is also president of the Brazilian Labor Party, will have more time for what he calls his principal job: strengthening relations between the workers of Brazil and the workers of the U.S.

TIME, MAY 14, 1956



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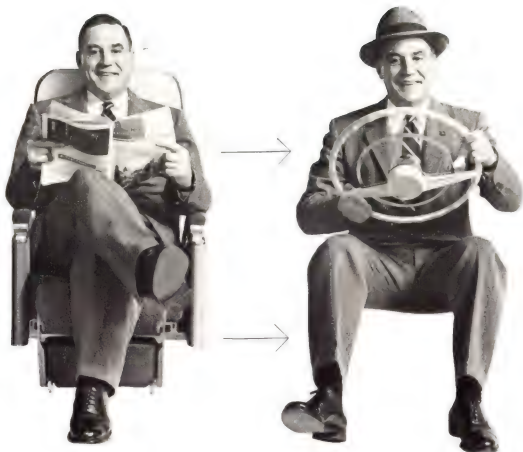
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Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

In the government's monopoly suit against the International Boxing Club and Madison Square Garden, a U.S. attorney introduced a terse memorandum, penned in 1949 by the Garden's president (now board chairman), Brigadier General (ret.) **John Reed Kilpatrick**. Its gist: longtime (1937-49) Heavyweight Champion **Joe Louis** had tried to pry a tax-free \$100,000 under-the-table bonus from the Garden brass for a 1949 defense of his crown (Joe retired before the fight ever materialized). The plum would not have helped Louis much. No hand at finance, drained by percentage men and hangers-on, broken by his own improvidence, Louis now owes a staggering \$1,210,789 in U.S. income-tax arrears for 1946-51. New Jersey's Democratic Representative **Alfred Sieminski** is appealing to the White House to cancel or soften the Sunday punch thrown at Louis by the revenuers.

The retiring commander of U.S. troops in Europe, General **Anthony C. McAuliffe**, 57, due to wind up his 38-year military career at May's end, winged in from London to New York's International Airport. A jaunty figure in multi, Tony McAuliffe discounted chances of all-out nuclear war but foresaw a possibility of small "brush wars" involving tactical atomic weapons. Said he: "We'd be suckers if we attempted to fight the Russians with only conventional weapons." What about McAuliffe's fellow cadet at West Point, New York-born General (ret.) **Mark W. Clark**, president of South Carolina's Citadel, where Dixieland views now include a belief that racial integration harms the military? "I don't agree

with him at all," replied Washington, D.C.-born McAuliffe. "The interaction of the Negro in the armed forces has worked out very well."

For nearly three years the widow of topflight Gestapoman **Reinhardt** ("the Hangman") **Heydrich** (see Books), neatly assassinated by the Czech underground in 1942, has collected a \$46-a-month pension from the West German government. Frau Heydrich's stipend is justified on the ground that her husband was killed in enemy action. Last week a provincial court was mulling a government suit that would end her pension.

Britain's rising Cinemactress **Diana** (*A Kid for Two Farthings*) **Dors**, 24, and Hollywood's seasoned (44) **Ginger Rogers**



Associated Press
ACTRESSES DORS & ROGERS
Strikingly sisterly.

bumped into each other on the French Riviera at a reception in the Aga Khan's villa near Cannes. There for the annual International Film Festival, the platinum pair looked strikingly sisterly—a tribute to Ginger's durable beauty.

More than most men, sure Playwright **George Bernard Shaw**, who cordially hated both, was sure of death and taxes. Death caught him in 1950. Taxes caught him, in their most pernicious malevolence, last week. After having coughed up \$505,598.98 from Shaw's estate so far, his executors were alerted by Britain's tax collectors to brace themselves for future bills totaling \$670,401 more. Provisional total tax claim on Shaw's estate: \$1,176,000—which not only gobbles up his life savings but also takes what was left of a \$300,000 bequest from his wife, who died in 1943. G.B.S.'s taxable leftovers have boiled down to a futuristic \$1,204,



Associated Press
SENATOR RUSSELL
Fit for a grandson.

oo, the royalty value now placed on his copyrights—pending posterity's continuing appetite for his works.

At a Georgia Chamber of Commerce banquet in Washington, Georgia's Democratic Senator **Richard Brevard Russell** tried on a Confederate Army forage hat for size* but refrained, as any dark horse presidential candidate would, from tossing it into the ring.

An invitation to come to Moscow and live it up with the hospitable Kremlin folks was politely turned down by Liberia's wary president **William Tubman**.

In Bavaria, the locals of Mindelheim hopefully awaited a visit from their great-living hereditary "prince." His better-known name: **Sir Winston Churchill**. The Mindelheimers reckoned that Sir Winston, a sixth-generation grandson of John Churchill, **Duke of Marlborough**, was a liege lord of theirs through his descent from that ancestor, who was paid off in 1705 with the principality of Mindelheim for military aid to the Holy Roman Empire. In Britain, however, killjoy scholars stuffily pointed out that Sir Winston is merely a collateral descendant of the great Marlborough—and that only eight years after the princedom† was established it became, through a territorial reshuffle, extinct. Only title thus left to Churchill by his warrior forebear: Prince of the Holy Roman Empire (a tired old title not recognized in England).

* It should have been a good fit; Dick Russell has not forgotten that Union General William Tecumseh Sherman, on his march through Georgia, burned Russell's grandfather's cotton mills and freed his 100-odd slaves.

† For his cut-rate installation, after much haggling, Marlborough plunked down £4,500, a bargain price for Mindelheim, which yielded a tidy £1,500 a year to its fee-holder.



Associated Press
GENERAL MCAULIFFE
Brotherly disagreement.



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Export

In its concentration on exporting its dollars, tools and advice to the postwar world, the U.S. has been slow and a little timid about exporting its culture. But now culture is catching up with the atomic cannon, the dam builders, the agricultural advisors and the diplomats.

In swelling numbers, U.S. artists are fanning out to carry American theater, painting, literature to the rest of the world. Late, but far from least, in the parade are U.S. musicians. A random look at the travel notes last week showed U.S. jazz in London, a fine U.S. symphony in Latin America, a top U.S. violinist in Russia, U.S. "bop" in the Middle East.

¶ In Mexico City, nearing the end of a 10,000-mile tour through Latin America,

first official jazz ambassadors, taking in many places that had never heard live American jazz, and some that had not even heard about it.

In the jazz-lorn city of Dacca, Pakistan, Dizzy discovered a ragged boy playing a one-stringed instrument on the street, and found the weird sounds so congenial that he stopped and had a jam session. In Karachi the first show was half-empty, the second nearly full, the third packed. "Man," bragged Dizzy, "give us three shows, and we'll create our own audience." At a garden party in Ankara, Gillespie saw a tattered crowd peering from outside the fence and insisted that they be admitted. "We came to play for the poor people as well as the rich people," he said.

¶ In Moscow, top-ranking U.S. Violinist Isaac Stern was turned loose in the hall



VIOLINIST STERN IN MOSCOW
Catching up with the atoms, the dams and the diplomats.

Conductor Alexander Hilsberg and the New Orleans Symphony gave a concert at the unusual hour of 11:15 a.m., but the big (capacity: 3,700) Teatro Metropolitano was nearly full, and by the final chord of Stravinsky's *Fire Bird Suite*, the crowd was up and whooping an ovation. The only reason the audience let the orchestra quit after three encores was that it was time for the bullfights. The New Orleans musicians had left their musical mark on 22 cities and towns from Lima to Ciudad Trujillo before turning homeward last week. Verdict of a leading Mexican critic: "You have conquered Mexico."

¶ In Istanbul, Top Bop Trumpeter John Birks ("Dizzy") Gillespie and his 16-piece band took crowds of Turks through a rapid history of jazz, then fed them a solid portion in the progressive style that led the audiences yelling with excitement. It was stop No. 9 in the troupe's seven-country tour as the State Department's

where Yehudi Menuhin, the last American artist to play in Russia, fiddled a decade ago. More than 2,000, including (as the U.S.S.R.'s Violinist David Oistrakh put it) "all the violinists in Moscow," crammed the hall. A member of the diplomatic corps called it the most elegant gathering seen in Moscow in years.

Stern and his pianist, Manhattan's Alexander Zakin (like Stern, Russian-born), played their way through Bach, Brahms, Aaron Copland, Mozart, Bloch and Wieniawski, and Violinist Stern finally silenced the storm of applause by a little speech in Russian: "We are the first American artists to play here in many years. We hope many more will be here soon."

After several Moscow appearances, he will play in five other Russian cities, wind up with the Moscow Symphony at the end of the month.

¶ In London, where he made his first success outside the U.S. 23 years ago, Louis

("Satchmo") Armstrong, trim banny and 55, returned with his New Orleans-style trumpet. Louis had not been back since 1932, mostly because England and the U.S. mutually refused to admit foreign bands (TIME, March 26). This time he was welcomed on an exchange agreement happily took his All-Stars into cavernous (capacity: 8,000) Empress Hall to play two shows a night for ten nights. The band was seated on a slowly revolving stage in the center of the arena, and for a full hour of each show, Satchmo lined out incredibly energetic solos, sang and cracked jokes in his pebbly voice. The crowd went wild. "The cats sound the same and they dig the same," he growled. "It's like that all over the world."

Teeners' Hero

Without preamble, the three-piece band cuts loose. In the spotlight, the lanky singer flails furious rhythms on his guitar, every now and then breaking a string. In a pivoting stance, his hips swing sensuously from side to side and his entire body takes on a frantic quiver, as if he had swallowed a jackhammer. Full-cut hair tousles over his forehead, and sideburns frame his petulant, full-lipped face. His style is partly hillbilly, partly socking rock 'n' roll. His loud baritone goes raw and whining in the high notes, but down low it is rich and round. As he throws himself into one of his specialties—*Heart-break Hotel*, *Blue Suede Shoes* or *Long Tall Sally*—his throat seems full of desperate aspirates ("Hi want you, hi need you, hi luh-huh-huh-buv yew-hew") or hiccupping glottis strokes, and his diction is poor. But his movements suggest, in a word: sex.

He is Elvis Aaron Presley, a drape-suited, tight-trousered young man of 21, and the sight and sound of him drive teenage girls wild. All through the South and West, Elvis is packing theaters, fighting off shrieking admirers, disturbing parents, puckering the brows of psychologists, and filling letters-to-the-editor columns with cries of alarm and, from adolescents, counter-cries of adulation.

Item: In Fort Worth 16-year-olds have carved his name into their forearms with clasp knives (one did it four times), and an older woman was heard to plead with him: "I've got my husband's Cadillac outside. Come with me!"

Item: In Oklahoma City he was safely whisked away in a police car after his show, but a reporter who had interviewed him was mobbed by the stage-door Jennies. "Touch him," yelled one. "Maybe he's touched Elvis!"

Item: In Amarillo, when asked if he intended to marry, Elvis answered: "Why buy a cow when you can get milk through the fence?"

Heavy Beat. The perpetrator of all this hoopla was born in Tupelo, Miss. (pop. 11,527). His parents gave him a guitar before he was twelve. "I beat on it for a year or two," he drawls. "Never did learn much about it." He learned to sing church hymns with a heavy beat, as Negro revival singers do, but gave no



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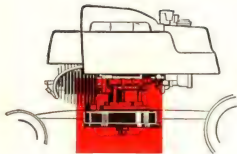
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thought to a musical career. A couple of years ago, Presley, working as a truck driver, was seized with the urge to hear his own voice, took his guitar with him and made a recording in a public studio. "It sounded like somebody beatin' on a bucket lid," Presley recalls. "But the engineer at this studio had a recording company called Sun, and he told me I had an unusual voice, and he might call me up sometime."

When the call came, Presley was overcome by the stiffness that still bothers him when he sings without an audience. The session was about to fizzle when he started fooling around with a rock-'n'-roll beat, the same heavily accented style he uses today. Records started to sell, and Elvis set out to get himself a manager. The manager booked Presley with the words, "He may not sound like a hill-billy, but he gets the same response."



Don Croonen-Litt

ELVIS PRESLEY

"Hi luh-huh-huh-yew-hew."

It was not long before the response was even better, comparable to Johnnie Ray or Frankie Sinatra, with girls snatching Presley's shirt, belt, shoes, and RCA Victor buying out his recording contract for \$35,000. Elvis now nets \$7,500 a week for personal appearances, will net more than \$100,000 this year; he owns three Cadillacs and a three-wheeled Messerschmitt, plus a dazzling wardrobe.

Dodgem, Too. Last week his *Heartbreak Hotel* was the nation's No. 1 best-selling record, and Elvis Presley himself was appearing at Las Vegas' New Frontier and getting a taste of more adult audiences. There was little screaming to be heard, but some fully grown female listeners matched the star squirm for squirm. As for Elvis, he spent some of his off-stage time amusing local showgirls, but most of it amusing himself in a small amusement park, where, for hours on end, he and his cronies rode the dodgem cars, having a wonderful time.

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Man with a Mission

When he came to California last week, Australia's John Landy, world's fastest miler, was a man with a mission: to run his fifth better-than-four-minute mile, and drum up enthusiasm for the coming Olympics in Melbourne. University of Oregon Junior Jim Bailey, another Aussie, saw as his own duty the modest task of pushing Landy to his fullest effort. N.C.A.A. Champion Bailey had never come close to Landy's record (3:58) in his life. Neither had any of the other five milers in the race.

Even though he figured to be beaten, lean Jim Bailey, 26, spent a nervous night, and scarcely slept. Calm and confident, Landy, 26, took it easy, loafed through a

side and said, "Go!" His foot came up against mine, and he wobbled a bit." Right then, for the first time, Bailey decided he had a chance to win.

Incredibly, Landy made the same mistake he made two summers ago in Vancouver, B.C., when he lost the British Empire Games' Miracle Mile to Dr. Roger Bannister. He looked back over his shoulder. Bailey shot past on the outside, picked up a yard lead, and hung on to it till the finish.

"I didn't think I had a faster-than-four-minute mile in me," said Bailey, when he caught his breath. But he had. His time was 3:58.6, the first under-four-minute mile run in the U.S. A long pace back, John Landy was clocked in 3:58.7. Irish Ron Delany finished third in a creditable 4:05.5. "The four-minute mile won't be exclusive any more," said Bailey. "There'll be guys all over the world who knew what I did before [his best previous time: 4:05.6] and saw what I did today."

Sitting sadly in his dressing room after the run, John Landy remonstrated with himself: "I don't have the temperament of a race winner. I just like to run fast."

Bluegrass Tradition

Horseplayers who studied their form charts simply had to make him the favorite. Even the homebred hardhunts from Jefferson County, Ky., agreed that Florida-bred Needles was the horse to beat in the 82nd running of the Kentucky Derby. But they all had their doubts. The big bay colt had won his big races this spring in his home state, where he got a 5-lb. native-son weight advantage. There was also an old bluegrass-and-julep tradition: "No horse whose name begins with 'N' can win a Derby." None ever had; Native Dancer, the favorite, was nosed out in '53; last year Nashua, the favorite, was whipped.

The Big Question. So the crowd put its cash on Needles—and at the start it was sorry. In the first fast dash past the grandstand, Needles was 16th in a field of 17. Jockey Dave Erb was as worried as his backers. Needles had let loose his bit, seemed uninterested in running. Up front, Calumet Farm's Fabius and Rex Ellsworth's Terrang duled for the lead.

Down the back stretch, Needles was still lost in the pack while Fabius, a speed horse, was opening a great gap on the fast track. The chalk players could barely see through their tears. But Jockey Erb did not get flustered. His mount was moving nicely and he saved ground, waited until they reached the stretch turn before he asked the big question. Then, for a terrible second, Needles seemed to spit the bit out once more. Erb cracked the whip in his ear to get his mind on his work. Needles got the idea.

Head & Head. Terrang had folded, but Fabius was still far in front. Now Needles got his big break. As horses came back to him in the stretch, the field spread out before him and he had all the running



Los Angeles Examiner—International
BAILEY BEATING LANDY

In the stretch, a bat on the backside.

set of practice miles early on the morning of the race. He got to Los Angeles' vast Coliseum ready to go. Bailey was bushed, and, it seemed, past caring. He stared moodily at the crowd, had a tough time working up to racing pitch.

Right from the gun, Landy ran through his carefully planned routine. He lay back, just off the pace, followed Villanova's Ron Delany as he jiggled through a fast first quarter (0:60.6). Bailey slogged along in the pack. At the half-mile mark Landy took over. His long muscles moving in a loose and splendid stride, he eased past Delany, and set out for home. No one else was close.

Then Jim Bailey got up on his toes, dug in and began to do his job. He caught Delany, crept up on Landy. Closer than he ever expected to be to the world's best, Bailey decided to boost his countryman into an extra-fast final sprint. "I reached out and batted John on the back-

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room he needed. His late speed was astonishing. He rushed up to Fabius who held on gamely, head and head, for a few strides and then faded. Needles whisked under the wire, winner by three-quarters of a length in the richest (\$123,450) Kentucky Derby ever.

The chalk players, naturally, had known it all along. As they queued up to cash their mutual tickets (the favorite paid \$5.20 for \$2), they talked of another Kentucky tradition: "Never bet against the son of a Derby winner in a Derby." Needles' sire, Ponder, ran off with the Derby in 1949. And just to make the old saw stick, Ponder's sire, Pensive, turned the trick in 1944.

Almost as if he remembered what a disappointment he had been at Churchill Downs just a year ago, Leslie Combs's four-year-old champion, Nashua, seemed determined to let nothing stop him from winning the \$55,200 Grey Lag Handicap at Jamaica. He stumbled coming out of the starting gate and fell to his knees. Another horse might have quit. Not Nashua. Under Jockey Ted Atkinson's urging, he came on to outlast a fast field and finished a head in front of Alfred G. Vanderbilt's Find, carrying 10 lbs. less. The \$37,100 purse brought his total earnings to \$1,077,615, just \$8,145 behind Citation's alltime record of \$1,085,760.

Scoreboard

☐ Pushing his shotput record still farther out of reach, Air Force Lieut. Parry O'Brien tossed the 16-lb. iron ball 61 ft. 1 in. during an exhibition at an A.A.U. track meet at Salt Lake City, to break his own world outdoor mark by 3 in. ☐ Besides winning the 100-yd. dash in 0:9.4, just a tenth of a second off the world record, and taking the 220-yd. dash in 0:20.3, another slim tenth of a second off the world record, Duke Sophomore Dave Time won the 220-yd. low hurdles in a track meet at Durham, N.C. in 0:22.2. This time he was exactly one-tenth of a second faster than the world record.

☐ Putting its new "get tough" policy into effect with a vengeance, the National Collegiate Athletic Association handed down stiff penalties to six member colleges for a wide variety of recruiting violations. Hit hardest, Auburn was put on three-year probation, forbidden to participate in N.C.A.A. championship and invitation events for two years, forbidden to participate in the N.C.A.A.'s nationally televised football series. The Universities of Florida and Louisville drew two years' probation apiece; Texas A. & M., Mississippi College and the University of Kansas all drew a year in the penalty box.

☐ It took the New York Giants 5½ hours and 17 innings of baseball before Rookie Daryl Spencer's sacrifice fly finally scored Captain Alvin Dark and beat the Chicago Cubs, 6-5. When the long afternoon was over, the Giants had used 25 players and the Cubs 23. Previous major-league record for players used by two clubs in a single game: 42. Previous record for players used by one club: 24.



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MEDICINE

Psychiatry Changes Course

Psychiatry in the U.S. is altering its course. Last week, at the 112th annual meeting of the American Psychiatric Association, 2,200 members* and 1,000 guests packed a dozen Chicago meeting halls for five days of reports and speeches that showed a momentous 180° turn to the right. It is a turn from a narrow course, oriented on Freudian psychoanalysis (TIME, April 23), which had been followed for more than a quarter of a century, to a broader channel made by the confluence of a score of scientific disciplines and at least six major psychiatric research flows. It is a change that in a sense demotes psychoanalysis from the main current to only one of several main currents in the study and treatment of the human mind. But it is a change that some influential analysts, e.g., Chicago's Dr. Franz Alexander welcome as a means of closer cooperation between psychoanalysis, other branches of psychiatry, and such sciences as biochemistry, genetics.

High Priest. If it should be his shoulder to Freud, U.S. psychiatry was far from turning its back on him. Many of the most illuminating of the hundreds of papers given (see below) were firmly rooted in psychoanalytic theory. Moreover, this was the centenary of Freud's birth, and thousands drawn from the conventions and the public milled in iconolatrous rapture around a devoutly assembled collection of Freudiana—busts, portraits, manuscripts, letters. Some 2,500 made a symbolic return to the womb when they crowded into the Morrison Hotel's subterranean Terrace Casino to hear the high priest of the pure Freudian cult, Britain's Dr. Ernest Jones, 77, eulogize the master. They gave Jones a standing ovation.

Next day an equal number packed the same hall to hear the University of Illinois' tart-tongued Neurologist Percival Bailey, a top brain surgeon, dissect the entire psychiatric revolution of the 20th century's first half. Revolutions, Bailey said, "bring change but not necessarily progress." Echoed Cincinnati's Dr. Howard Fahrig, "The second half of our century finds us in a swing back to a more orthodox type of medical investigation."

Bailey's attack was directed not just against Freudian theory, but against a wide range of psychiatric practices that owe little or nothing to Freud. Psycho-surgery, said Bailey, has built a sorry monument of mutilated frontal lobes. "I am frankly appalled by the [aftereffects] of lobotomy and similar operations—abusive and obscene language, uninhibited sexual drive, obnoxious mannerisms, stealing, suggestibility . . . The great neuro-surgical revolution has proved abortive; it has not emptied our state hospitals." Later, "much the same panegyrics attended the spread of the shock gospel as

had attended the spread of lobotomy and—in a previous generation—the spread of phrenology." Electric shock is in a way a "punitive" treatment, Dr. Bailey suggested, and should be limited to the involutional anxious melancholic, a type of case in which it is sometimes spectacularly effective.

Quietly Dropped. Neurologist Bailey used his sharpest scalpels on Sometime Neurologist Freud. "His ideas were often launched with great enthusiasm, like scare headlines in a newspaper, and then quietly dropped without retraction . . . Many of Freud's psychological writings are not scientific treatises, but rather, reveries in sort of chirographic rumination . . ."

Psychoanalysis, complained Bailey, is not a science—if it were, "psychoanalysis



NEUROLOGIST BAILEY
Back to the asylums.

would ere this have merged into the academic community . . . Bailey had a final cut for the process of analysis: "Deep psychotherapy is as dangerous as deep surgery. The technique of deep analysis seems to be to lead the patient along the very brink of the abyss, hoping that he will not fall in—something like Dulles' diplomacy." Finally, affirming his own faith that the problem of schizophrenia will be solved by the biochemist, he quoted Boston's late great neurosurgeon Dr. Harvey Cushing: "The task of the psychiatrists is to get back into the asylums and laboratories which they are so proud to have left behind them, and prove . . . that their concepts have scientific validity."

The Trend to Drugs. There may have been as much heat as light on Surgeon Bailey's operating table, but the trend toward new directions was illustrated by several other speakers who had proposals to make rather than criticisms. Montreal's

* Out of 9,000 or more U.S. psychiatrists, of whom some 95% are A.P.A. members.



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famed Stressor Hans Selye (TIME, Oct. 11, 1950) flew in to declare his faith that physiological change is related to emotional disturbance. Recent research shows that three classes of hormones can create such varied "psychic" disorders as pathological confusion or excitement, chronic fatigue (neurasthenia), deep depression, psychoses or neuroses during pregnancy, convulsive seizures, paralytic "spells," and even degenerative conditions of the brain and central nervous system.

The dominant trend in psychiatry's new direction, it became plain, is the search for psychiatric answers and cures in the field of chemistry. A score of researchers reported progress with ataraxic or tranquilizing drugs (TIME, March 7, 1955).

In a dozen papers on the tranquilizing drugs there was general agreement that none of them by itself has cured a single patient; some patients, especially those in hospitals for many years, get no help at all. But granting their limitations, there is no doubt that the drugs have effected a revolution (if not a Baileyan revolution) in mental hospitals. One psychiatrist after another reported that his hospital had nearly abandoned the use of psychosurgery, electric and insulin shock, tubs, wet packs and restraints. In many state hospitals the former "disturbed wards" are now places of peace and quiet.

Of Men & Monkeys. The most dramatic and perhaps most significant of the researchers' forays into new territory was reported at a final dinner meeting on "Frontiers of Psychiatric Research" by Tulane University's Psychiatrist Robert G. Heath. A daring researcher, Heath has long sought clues to mental illness by planting electrodes deep in the brains of monkeys and humans, studying their brain waves and also noting their behavior when a weak current is passed through the electrodes (TIME, April 13, 1953). Now Heath and his Tulane team have found a substance in the blood of schizophrenics which they can find nowhere else.

From 500 cc. of blood (about a pint) they were able to extract just a tenth of a teaspoonful of this far-from-pure substance, still unidentified (though they believe it to be a protein enzyme). They injected it into monkeys. The animals "developed a full-blown catatonic picture with waxy flexibility, looked dazed and out of contact, and would stare into distant corners of the room gesticulating and grimacing inappropriately so as to suggest that they might be hallucinating." The monkeys' brain waves became almost identical with those of severely schizophrenic patients. Was this the key to schizophrenia, which keeps more than 300,000 victims locked in state hospitals?

Since monkeys cannot talk, and schizophrenia is described in psychological terms dependent on patients' reporting, Heath and co-workers decided to take the next step and test the serum extract on human volunteers. Two were found at the Louisiana State Penitentiary at Angola. Carefully examined by psychiatrists, they showed no trace of latent mental illness. Given only the same tiny dose as a

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seven-pound monkey, the men developed
similar symptoms within five minutes,
reaching a peak after about half an hour.

Surprisingly, from the same extract, one
got the symptoms of catatonia, with his
mind retarded and blocked, while the
other got a paranoid reaction with delu-
sions and hallucinations. (The fact that
different reactions can be provoked by the
same substance in itself raises an intrigu-
ing psychiatric question: What causes one
subject to become catatonic, another to
become paranoid?) Within two hours the
effect wore off, and the men have been
normal since. Dr. Heath emphasized that
his report on only two human cases was



PSYCHIATRIST HEATH
Schizophrenia from a test tube.

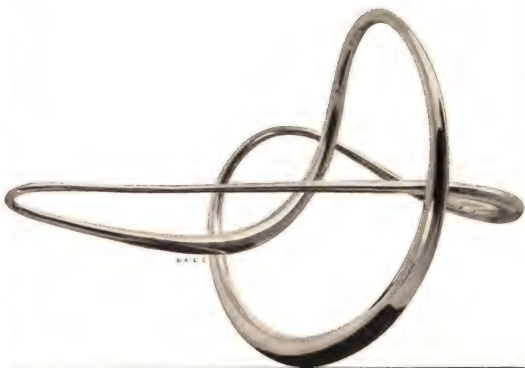
preliminary. But it was significant, and
his substance will be tested as soon as
possible by other researchers.

It was by no means the first time in
medical history that hope had been raised
by discovery of a chemical difference be-
tween schizophrenics and normals, but it
was by far the most specific, and done un-
der the most rigorous research conditions.

Id-Bits

Outstanding among the Freudian in-
sights into human problems presented at
last week's annual meeting of the Ameri-
can Psychiatric Association:

¶ Some people in all age groups like to
set fires, but for different reasons, said
the University of Southern California's
Psychiatrist Stanley J. Geller. He concen-
trated on pre-adolescents (six to eleven),
found that his 75 subjects were all boys.
(The only female firebug he found was a
girl of 12.) "Without fail," said Dr. Gell-
er, "the marital relationship of the par-
ents was unstable or really nonexistent.
In 77% of the cases the real fathers
were extremely hostile, aggressive men
who frequently beat their children. In
approximately half the children, enure-
sis [bed-wetting] was an accompanying



Sculpture by José de Rivera—on loan to Museum of Modern Art by American Enka Corporation

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*"Blends"—definition:
Blurring with competitive
products on the shelf.

symptom." The Freudian explanation "Fire-setting is greatly related to sexuality and sexual identification. In almost all of the children there was no adequate wholesome ground for resolving the oedipal conflict... The fire is [the boys'] assertion of their manhood and is their means of protection."

¶ A religious outlook is good protection against sudden death on the highways, according to a University of Colorado team headed by Psychologist John J. Conger. The team studied 264 men at Denver's Lowry Air Force Base, found that psychologists' scales of values were the best clue to accident proneness. Especially important: values in the religious, theoretical and esthetic fields. Subjects who seldom or never had driving accidents were those who attached more importance to religious values than to the theoretical or esthetic. The high-accident group tended to be less conventional, more complex and conflicted, less in harmony with the world around them.

¶ "The skin of man is a remarkably tell tale organ," noted Western Reserve University's Psychiatrist Brian Bird. "Age, sex, race, occupation, recreation, hobbies, economic status... can often be read directly from the skin. But it also reveals emotions. Many people use their skin as the principal organ of expression." Well-known examples are blanching and blushing, chills and sweats, but another emotional outlet can be eczema. "In my experience with eczema," said Dr. Bird "the most prominent hidden impulse is anger, but eczema patients peculiarly are unable to become angry openly.

Capsules

¶ Army doctors from Walter Reed Hospital have discovered a method for preventing Q fever, a pneumonialike disease spread by inhalation of dust contaminated by diseased animals. Oral Terramycin given late in the 17-day incubation period after exposure, proved 100% successful in preventing disease symptoms.

¶ Unhappiness may be the principal cause of death in modern society, says Dr. Kenneth Appel, president of the National Commission on Mental Illness and Health. Appel attributes the big increase in coronaries, strokes, ulcers and high blood pressure partly to increased tension. "In the long run, satisfaction is as important as nutrition in the preservation of health. Frustration of basic needs produces tension. If tensions are overwhelming, they produce catastrophic illness.

¶ Barns and silos can be unhealthy places for farmers. Reports presented to the Wisconsin Trudeau Society indicate two diseases—"farmer's lung" and "silo filler's disease"—can have a crippling effect on farm workers. Farmer's lung is a reaction to grain dust, producing chills, nausea and shortness of breath. It has forced a number of Wisconsin farmers to give up farming. Silo filler's disease is potentially more dangerous. Caused by exposure to nitrogen dioxide from fresh silage, the ailment has killed several farm hands in the Wisconsin-Minnesota area.



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Seats a whole baseball team

In place of baseball players, of course, it could be other people. Friends of yours, for instance, assorted small fry, or visiting dignitaries.

Anyway, there's room for 3 on each seat, 9 in all. (A separate section of the center seat folds down to allow rear seat passengers to get in and out easily and gracefully.) And there's even space left over for baseball bats

or baggage. To make still more room for cargo, you can remove the rear seat easily.

If you're joining the fast-growing station wagon set, be sure to look these new Chevrolets over. They're very good looking, as you see. All of them have fine, sturdy and quiet Fisher Bodies. All offer you a choice of the new "Blue-Flame 140" six, or V8 horsepower up to 205.



THE "TWO-TEN" HANDYMAN
2 doors, 6 passengers, all-vinyl interior



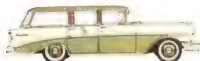
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THE "TWO-TEN" BEAUVILLE
1 door, 9 passengers

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SCIENCE

Taping the Earth

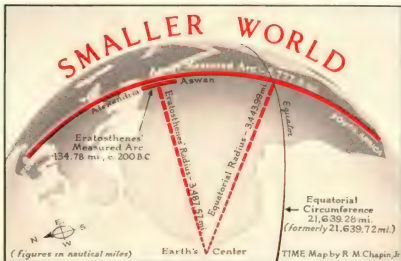
The U.S. Army has succeeded in shrinking the circumference of the earth by about half a mile. To make the new estimate, according to a paper submitted to the American Geophysical Union by Bernard Chovitz and Irene Fischer of the Army Map Service, the Army's scientists used the latest instruments, but their basic method was the one the Greeks invented more than 2,000 years ago.

Bones & Lions. About 200 B.C., the Greek mathematician Eratosthenes ran a geometrical tape measure about the earth by estimating the distance between Syene in southern Egypt and Alexandria in

Data for measuring the Finland-South Africa arc came from many sources. The European section had been measured many times, but the latest information was gathered by a group that ransacked Germany after World War II for the Nazis' geodetic secrets, which were dragged from hiding places, including a room full of human bones under a monastery.

The European segment ended at Crete, and the U.S. Air Force was called in to jump the arc across the Mediterranean to North Africa. The job was done by Hiran (High Precision Shoran), an electronic surveying system.

South of Egypt the arc measurers ran into wild animal country. The lions did



northern Egypt.* Then he measured shadows cast by the sun in both places. This amounts to measuring an arc of the earth's surface and observing the altitude of the sun at both ends. The Army Map Service did the same thing, but the arc that it measured extended (5,777.5 nautical miles) from Finland to the southern end of Africa, more than one-quarter of the earth's circumference. Part of the arc coincided with the arc that Eratosthenes used.

* Eratosthenes started with the traditional information that there was a deep well at Syene (Aswan) in southern Egypt to whose bottom the sun's rays penetrate only during the summer solstice (June 20-22). This meant that the sun was directly over Syene at that time. He also had a figure for the distance between Syene and Alexandria: 5,000 stadia. Only one observation was necessary. During a summer solstice, he measured the shadow cast by a vertical pillar in Alexandria. It turned out to be one-fiftieth of a full circle (about 7° 12 min.).

Now Eratosthenes had all the information he needed. The shadow cast by the vertical pillar at Alexandria would have the same relation to a full circle that the distance from Alexandria to Syene (where sunlight was vertical) would have to the circumference of the earth. The answer: 25,000 stadia (21,013 nautical miles), which is remarkably accurate. The latest measurement of the earth's circumference around the poles: 21,560 nautical miles.

not bother them much, but they had some buffalo scares. In tall-grass country they set up prefabricated 100-ft. towers and did their surveying from platforms on their tops. When finished, they would move, towers and all, to an unsurveyed area. The last gap, Khartoum to Uganda, was completed in 1954.

Satellite & Missile. Then began the laborious work of correcting the raw information. Some of the arithmetical work was so burdensome that it would have taken years to complete without the help of the Map Service's UNIVAC computer.

The result of all this effort is a new figure for the equatorial radius of the earth: 6,378,260 meters (3,444 nautical miles)* instead of the 6,378,388 meter figure that had been generally accepted. The Army says that the slight difference will be of use in predicting the orbit of the artificial satellite. This is true, but improved knowledge of the earth's size and shape will also be useful to dispatchers of long-range guided missiles.

* The international nautical mile (6,076.10 ft.) is used on long-distance charts. For purposes of navigation it is considered one minute of longitude, although it is derived from the standard meter, not directly from the earth's circumference at the equator.



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MARILYN MONROE AS THE FLOOZY IN "BUS STOP"

CINEMA

To Aristophanes & Back

[See Cover]

Sin, sin, sin. Morning and night, that was all they talked about in the little frame house in the California poor-town where Norma Jeane Baker lived in the early years of the Depression. "You're wicked, Norma Jeane," the old woman used to shrill at the little girl. "You better be careful, or you know where you'll go." Norma Jeane was careful, especially not to talk back. If she did, she got whaled with a razor strop and told that a homeless girl should be more grateful to folks who had put a roof above her head. One night, when the child went to sleep in her cot, she had a strangely exhilarating and frightening dream: "I dreamed that I was standing up in church without any clothes on, and all the people there were lying at my feet on the floor of the church, and I walked naked, with a sense of freedom, over their prostrate forms, being careful not to step on anyone."

The point of the story is that the little girl grew up to be a movie star named Marilyn Monroe, and the dream came true on such a preposterous scale that her new wide world has fallen at her feet. In Hollywood's pagan pantheon, Marilyn Monroe is the Goddess of Love. Furthermore, she has shown signs of becoming a good actress, and many a once-skeptical professional now thinks she may become an outstanding one.

In any case, Marilyn Monroe's hip-flipping, lip-twitching, frolicsomeness sensual figure is the latest curve on the path of erotic progress that has led Hollywood from the slithering vamp to the good-natured tramp. Her physical proportions (37-23-37) have become a vital statistic, and the poor little waif has become a big business; her last five pictures have grossed more than \$50 million. Moreover, there is solid evidence that she knows how to run her business.

As many as 5,000 letters a week pour in from Marilyn's fans, and they include at least a dozen proposals of marriage. In

Turkey a young man went so daft while watching Marilyn wiggle through *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying* that he slashed his wrists. The Communists have angrily denounced her as a capitalist trick to make the U.S. masses forget how miserable they really are. In Moji, Japan, her notorious nude photograph was hung in the municipal assembly building in an effort "to rejuvenate the assemblymen." In the radiation control laboratory of the world's first atomic submarine a picture of Marilyn occupies a prominent place in the Table of Elements. She is the subject of more unprintable stories than anybody since the farmer's daughter.

Figure of Fantasy. Actress Monroe stands 5 ft. 5½ in. in her stocking feet (5 ft. 9 in. in the stiletto heels her roles



Gordon Parks

HOLLYWOOD'S MONROE:
Betty Boop plus Daisy Mae.

require), and she is a little leaner (118 lbs.) than she looks on the screen. In a sweater, as everybody can see, she is a standout; "I defy gravity," says Marilyn. In skintight tuxedo pants, she manages to make the world's most famous come-on out of a simple walkaway, and Marilyn's face, by popular standards, is as spectacular as her figure.

Offscreen as on, the face looks a little too beautiful to be true, like the kind of adolescent daydream served up in the comic strips. The cut of the face is Betty Boop, but the coloring and expression are Daisy Mae. The eyes are large and grey, and lend the features a look of baby-doll innocence. The innocence is in the voice, too, which is high and excited, like a little girl's.

She bears, in fact, a sharp resemblance to the airbrush Aphrodite known in the '30s as the Petty Girl. And like the Petty Girl, the Monroe is for the millions a figure of fantasy rather than of flesh. She offers the tease without the squeeze, attraction without satisfaction, frisk without risk.

Who Cares about Money? Last week, after an absence of more than a year, Marilyn was back at work. Early in 1955 she had walked out on Hollywood. "I want some respect," she huffed at the world in general and off she flounced to New York. Her studio bosses hastily offered her more money. "I don't care about money," she said. "I want better parts and better directors. I want to be an actress."

Hollywood snickered. "Act?" sneered one of Marilyn's directors. "That blonde can't act her way out of a Whirlpool bath." Cocktail parties were convulsed with the news that Marilyn was holed up in Manhattan with the entire Modern Library, and had sworn she would not unlock the door until she was cultured. The rumors began to get wilder. Marilyn had been admitted to the Actors Studio, and was studying the deep-dish Stanislavsky Method. She wanted to play Grushenka in Dostoevsky's *The Brothers Karamazov*.

She had become the darling of the theater's intellectuals. ("My only regret," wagged one of them, "is that I have but one library to give to Marilyn Monroe.")

Dumb Blonde? The rumors stopped abruptly. Marilyn had taken on a business partner named Milton Greene, a 34-year-old photographer who wears black silk shirts and looks something like an adolescent George Raft. Together they announced the formation of Marilyn Monroe Productions, with Marilyn as president. Her studio decided it was time to holler uncle. In return for Marilyn's services in four pictures to be made in the next seven years, 20th Century-Fox agreed to pay her \$400,000—plus what amounted, when all the legal ribbons were untied, to a colossal bonus. And Marilyn won the right to approve her directors.

Was she only a dumb blonde? When Actress Monroe announced that her first independent production, *The Sleeping Prince*, would be made with Sir Laurence Olivier as her co-star and director, she began to look suspiciously like a shrewd business woman. "Monroe and Olivier," beamed Director Joshua Logan, "that's the best combination since black and white."

Last month, when Marilyn flew back to Hollywood to make a movie version of William Inge's *Bus Stop* with a Monroe-approved director (Joshua Logan) Hollywood turned out to meet her as few women have been met. Hundreds of newsmen and photographers moiled for vantage as she stepped off the plane, and a crowd churned about her for more than two hours before she could take evasive Cadillacs. But Hollywood was not yet prepared to admit that she knew anything about acting. The part she was playing in *Bus Stop*, the argument ran, was the same part she had always played: the dippy chippie. And in the studio commissary there was a good deal of low-



George Silk—LIFE

WITH DAME EDITH SITWELL IN HOLLYWOOD (1953)

voiced derision about "the Bernhardt in a Bikini."

A Natural. Yet on location in Sun Valley, Idaho, Marilyn Monroe managed to surprise the hard-bitten crew with the fire and sincerity of her feeling in a scene where she fights for her lover. And back on the set in Hollywood, she cut loose in some glancing little scenes of character play with a kind of shimmering intensity nobody on the lot had ever seen in her before. Director Logan was amazed. "It just wells up from some deep place," he said wonderingly. "She's a natural."

From Manhattan came a chorus of assent. Director Elia Kazan declared that "Marilyn's sensitivity is extreme." Said Lee Strasberg, director of the Actors Studio: "She has a phenomenal degree of responsiveness [and] the greatest sensitivity." Playwright Arthur Miller says Marilyn "has a terrific instinct for the basic reality of a character or a situation. She gets to the core."

Is this "The Girl Most Likely to Thaw Out Alaska," the notorious nude in the most popular photograph ever taken? The story of Actress Monroe's life is not the maudlin tale that Hollywood loves to tell about how a star is born. It more resembles the plot of a social novel by Charles Dickens. "This girl," says one of Marilyn's friends, "has had it."

Hell's Fire. Marilyn Monroe, born Norma Jeane Baker on June 1, 1926, in Los Angeles General Hospital, was an illegitimate child. Her mother, Gladys Monroe Baker, was a pretty redhead in her middle 20s who had two young children. Norma Jeane's father was a man with a fair job in the movie business. One day while Gladys was carrying Norma Jeane she came home from her job as a film cutter to find, instead of her husband and children, a note: "I have taken the children, and you will never see them again." On top of that, her lover declined to take the consequences. Gladys held out until her child was born. Then she suffered a serious nervous breakdown—not without precedent in the family. Both her

parents, Norma Jeane's grandparents, died in mental institutions.

When Norma Jeane was twelve days old, she was put to board (for \$25 a month) with a family of religious zealots who lived in a sort of "semi-rural semidum" on the outskirts of Los Angeles. She was a normal baby, bright and happy, but when she was about two years old she suffered a severe shock, which she insists she can remember. A demented neighbor made a deliberate attempt to smother her with a pillow, and almost succeeded before she was dragged away.

As soon as Norma Jeane could understand what was meant, she was forced by the woman of the house to promise that she would never drink or smoke or swear. At every childish annoyance, she was told that she was headed straight for hell; on every possible occasion, she was made to say her prayers, and on every Sunday



Andre de Dienes—Rexnau-Guillouette
NORMA JEANE AT 17
The bays began to scream.



Phil Burchman

IN "ALL ABOUT EVE"
The producer had a yacht.

Love Letters to Rambler



Mr. Coltrin

Star salesman Ted Coltrin, of Boise, Idaho, sold more AAA memberships in the Idaho State Automobile Association this March

than anyone in history. Next to driving his Rambler 40,000 miles a year to stay on top of his job, he likes to fish, hunt and play golf. He writes:

"4-RAMBLER FAMILY"

"In my work I encounter mountain, desert and metropolitan driving in all types of weather, and I always find my Rambler ready and willing.

"You have really hit the jackpot. I believe ours is a real Rambler family, as we have four at the present time!"

More and more families are driving two (and more) Ramblers. Why? Because the fun goes up, while the costs come down. Yes, Rambler is so economical you can drive two as economically as one of most other makes. See your Hudson dealer or your Nash dealer right away.



TENSE NERVOUS HEADACHES call for STRONGER Yet SAFER ANACIN

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Anacin® not only gives stronger, faster relief from pain of headache, but is also safer. Won't upset the stomach and has no bad effects. You see, Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not just one but a combination of medically proven, active ingredients. Scientific research has proved no single drug can give such strong yet such safe relief as Anacin. Buy Anacin Tablets today!

morning, noon and night, and sometimes once or twice in the middle of the week, the little girl was marched away to church. At home she had to scrub the floors before she was five years old, and do the family dishes.

"A Friend of the Family." Play-acting, she remembers, was frowned on in that house. When Norma Jeane danced and sang and acted out her childish fantasies, she was sternly informed that such things were evil. She learned to hide in the woodshed when she wanted to pretend "a life more interesting than the one I had." But among her memories of this period is the recollection that at the age of six, she was raped by a grown man—"a friend," she recalls, "of the family."

Her feelings of guilt began to be obsessive. She began to hear a noise in her head at night—and she began to brood about killing herself. The family noticed the change in her, and the whispers went around: "We have to watch her very carefully. It's in the family, you know." Norma Jeane knew what they were saying, and sank deeper into her troubles.

Then there was relief: she was sent to live with another family. But the change in atmospheric pressure was so sudden that she got the moral bends. Everybody in the house was a movie extra, and the first day Norma Jeane was there they gave her whisky bottles to play with, taught her a card game and put her up to a hula dance. "They drank, they smoked they swore," says Marilyn. "It used to keep me busy praying for them all."

When Norma Jeane was about eight years old, her mother collapsed for the second time and was taken away to a state hospital, where she was kept until her daughter could afford the private care she has today. "I was sorry she was sick," says Marilyn. "But we never had any kind of relationship. I didn't see her very often. To me she was just the woman with the red hair."

The Stutter. With nobody to pay her board, Norma Jeane was sent to an orphanage. "I remember," she says, "when I got out of the car, and my feet absolutely couldn't move on the sidewalk. I saw a big black sign with bright gold lettering. I thought it said 'Orphan.' I never could spell very well. I know I cried. They had to drag me in by force. I tried to tell them I wasn't an orphan." Soon after that Norma Jeane began to stutter.

She hated the orphanage. As one of the older children, Norma Jeane was assigned to wash the dishes: 100 plates, 100 cups, 100 knives, forks, spoons. "I did it three times a day, seven days a week," says Marilyn. "But it wasn't so bad. It was worse to scrub out the toilets." As payment for their work, most of the children got 5¢ a month. Since everybody had to put a penny in the plate on Sunday, that left each child with 1¢ a month to spend. With her penny, Norma Jeane usually bought a ribbon for her hair.

The Blue Sweater. At 11, Norma Jeane went to live with her new guardian, a friend of her mother's who could not



With EX-HUSBAND DIMAGGIO
There was nothing to say.

always afford to keep her. In the next five years the child was batted back and forth from family to family. In all, she lived with twelve families, all poor. Once she was "sent back" because she made the lady nervous. Once she was happy with a goodhearted woman named Ana Lower. Once she lived in a drought area with a family of seven people; they all bathed once a week in the same tub of water, and the "orphan girl" was always the last one in the tub. There was always the dry bread, the army cot by the water heater, the monthly visit from the county social worker who inspected the soles of her shoes and patted the top of her head and went away. And there were still the noises in her head and the nameless feelings of guilt.

"How did I get through it?" Marilyn wonders today. "Or maybe it wasn't really so bad? Maybe I just took it all too hard?" For consolation, she went to the movies whenever she had a dime.

One day, when Norma Jeane was twelve and getting sick and tired of her "county dresses" and the boys who called her "Norma Jeane the Human Bean," she borrowed a blue sweater from a girl friend. "When I walked into the classroom," she says, "the boys suddenly began screaming and groaning and throwing themselves on the floor." In the schoolyard at lunchtime the swains stood around her three deep, and every afternoon after that there were a dozen bikes stacked along the curb outside her house. The neighbors were soon in a snit about "that little bitch." Norma Jeane was in a daze. "For the first time in my life people paid attention to me," she says. "For the first time I had friends, I prayed that they wouldn't go away."

She did everything she could to keep them. She smeared on the lipstick with a will, and soon discovered mascara. "The



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WITH BUSINESS PARTNER GREENE
The studio hollered uncle.

neighbors called me cheap," she says. "but I knew I really wasn't." Her stutter began to disappear. She wrote verse. She skipped the last half of the eighth grade. "I looked back on the whole mess around that time," Marilyn recalls. "And something came up inside me and I said to myself, 'Somebody's got to come out of this whole'."

Laying on Paint. Life did not seem to agree. When Norma Jeane was scarcely 16 years old, she was urged by her guardian into a marriage with a man she did not love. The groom was 21 years old, an aircraft worker named Jim Dougherty who is now a Los Angeles cop. They lived with his family for awhile, and then, she recalls, "in a little fold-up-bed place." In her despair, Norma Jeane made her first attempt—"not a very serious one"—at suicide. In 1943, after almost a year of such goings-on, Jim joined the Merchant



Associated Press

WITH ACTOR OLIVER
As natural as black and white.

Marine, and Norma Jeane went to work in a defense plant as a paint sprayer. That was that, in effect, though they were not divorced until 1946.

Norma Jeane was trained for nothing except laying on paint; her education was so poor that she could not even fake a cultural conversation. In public she was smothered by feelings of inferiority. In private she was swept by panics, anxieties and hallucinations. And yet, curiously, life in its deepest expressions was on Norma Jeane's side—perhaps had always been on her side. The sensitivity which made her feel so deeply the shocks of her childhood was countered by a set of instincts as solid as an anvil. She took blows that would have smashed many people, and she cracked a little, but she did not fall apart. And always there was that traffic-jamming, production-stopping hunk of woman that the scared little girl inhabited.

High Smile. A photographer was the first to appreciate her professional possibilities. He took some publicity stills of Norma Jeane at the defense plant, and dragged her over to see Miss Emmeline Snively at the Blue Book School of Charm and Modeling in Hollywood. Miss Snively bleached Norma Jeane's hair, taught her to lower her voice and smile ("She smiled high, and that made wrinkles"), and "tried to correct that awful walk, but I couldn't—she had double-jointed knees."

By the spring of 1947, Norma Jeane was the busiest model in Hollywood. In one month she adorned the covers of five magazines. The film studios cocked an eye. One day Norma Jeane got a call from two of them: Starmaker Howard Hughes and 20th Century-Fox. She went to Fox first. Cried Casting Director Ben Lyon: "It's Jean Harlow all over again!" He signed her for \$125 a week. He slapped a new label on her (Monroe was the maiden name of Norma Jeane's mother, and Marilyn began with an M too), and put her to work on her first part, in *Scudda Hoo, Scudda Hay*. Marilyn's part.

"Hello." It was cut from the finished film. Nevertheless, Marilyn began to acquire some of a celebrity's mannerisms. She roared through the studio gate in her battered jalopy as though it were a Hispano-Suiza, and she was seldom less than an hour late.

Others Are in a Hurry. Marilyn's lateness has since become legendary. She once missed a plane because she stopped at the boarding gate to smear a little more lipstick on. Already half an hour late for a mass reception in her honor, she ducked into a ladies' room and was not seen again for 45 minutes. She was even two hours late for her own appendectomy. She went to a psychoanalyst about her lateness; a friend says it was no good because she always walked in when the hour was almost over.

The amazing thing is that nobody ever really seems to mind. When Marilyn turns on the charm, the affronted waiter forgets his waiting. She once explained the whole situation to a friend. "It's not really me that's late. It's the others who are in such



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a hurry." The truth is that Marilyn has been so terrified of failure during most of her life that she has often had to screw up her courage for the slightest encounter with the world. Before the least important interview she will put on her makeup five or six times before she is satisfied with her looks. "And then, too," a friend points out, "when she is late she feels guilty, and since she has always felt guilty she feels comfortable that way. It is easier for Marilyn to take guilt than responsibility."

Marilyn was fired by Fox, and a friend got her a contract at Columbia, where she was called to the office of an executive. He asked her to visit his yacht. She declined. She was fired a few days later. No work for months, and money ran low. The finance company repossessed her car; she was four weeks behind in her rent. She called up Photographer Tom Kelley, who had often asked her to pose in the nude, and said she would. She got \$50 for the job. He sold two pictures to two calendar companies for \$500; the John Baumgarth Co., which produced the more popular calendar, sold 6,000,000 copies of it, most of them after Marilyn became famous. The company cleared around \$750,000 on the deal.

Who's That Blonde? A friend got her the big break: a chance to play the shy-sister's house pet in John Huston's *The Asphalt Jungle*. In this tidbit part, she was an instant sensation. Letters came in by the sackful. All asked the same question: "Who's that blonde?" Fox grabbed her back for \$500 a week, raised her to \$750 a week. She was on her way to the top—when suddenly the bottom fell out.

A columnist printed the news that the girl on the nude calendar was Marilyn, and the scandal broke full about her ears. She was terrified, but she decided to tell the truth: "I needed the money." The press was delighted—especially when, in reply to the clucking of a newshen ("You mean you didn't have anything on?"), Marilyn delivered herself of a famous Monroeism: "Oh yes, I had the radio on."

It was quite a victory, and she had won it by being herself. Marilyn began to think that maybe that was the way the public wanted her to be. Slowly she began to trust her own ear, and to play by it. She began to show up at public gatherings in dresses into which she had obviously been sewed, and under which there was just as obviously nothing at all. She made a series of not-so-Dumb-Dora remarks in public that soon added up to a widely quoted Monroe Doctrine of life and love. (Monroe on sex: "Sex is a part of nature. I'll go along with nature." On men: "We have a mutual appreciation of being male and female." On her walk: "I learned to walk as a baby, and I haven't had a lesson since.")

Pink Champagne. Marilyn's publicity clippings began to arrive in bales. Her next three pictures (*Niagara*, *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying*) were box-office blockbusters. At the end of 1953, according to the trade press, she had made more money for her studio

than any other actress in Hollywood. She also won the Photoplay Award as the year's most popular actress.

This was pink champagne, and Marilyn loved it. But there was an emotional hang-over. What she needed, Marilyn felt in a confused way, was not success so much as salvation. She developed a passion to put her life in order, and her vague longings to find a meaning in it took stronger direction. She had already enrolled in an extension course in literature at U.C.L.A. and had started a collection of classical records. Now she plowed deeper into her problem through psychoanalysis, got in touch with lettered people, e.g., Poetess Edith Sitwell, whenever she had the chance, began to read more serious books.

As a result of all the heavy thinking, Marilyn began to nag her studio for better parts, and to wonder if she really



Photographer Kelley & Calendar
Nothing on but the radio.

should not marry baseball's Joe DiMaggio, with whom she had been keeping company for more than a year. When Fox told her flatly that she could have Betty Grable parts or nothing, Marilyn walked out of *Pink Tights*. She and Joe were married in San Francisco on Jan. 14, 1954. Laughing for the cameras, they took their trip to the Far East, where Japanese crowds smashed doors, mobbed cars and fell in fish ponds to get a look at the "Honorable Buttocks-Swinging Actress." When Marilyn sang and danced for the troops in Korea, she got a wilder reception than the news of peace in Seoul.

Back home, the DiMaggios sat under their expensive thatch in Beverly Hills night after night with almost nothing to say to each other. They had fights, and on Oct. 4, 1954, nine months after the wedding, they announced that they would be divorced.

Desperate Attempt. Marilyn took the failure of her marriage hard. As soon as she was through with *The Seven Year*



Just \$5 down could have started that boy to college

(HOW ABOUT YOUR YOUNG SON?)

We used to watch young Jack Breckshot going to high school, whistling, books under arm. Then his dad died—and it wasn't long 'til the books gave way to a lunch pail. The cheerful whistle was gone. His walk became slower, heavier. Not a boy's walk.

I asked Marilyn, my wife, about it. "John Breckshot Sr. wasn't insured," Marilyn said. "Just put it off, I guess. Jack and his mother need the money now. They're selling their home, too."

I thought of our two kids. What if anything happened to me? Living expenses and mortgage payments kept us pretty broke. I didn't see how we could afford insurance, too.

Marilyn sensed my worries. "If the Breckshots had started with only \$5 a week, they could have built security for themselves—even sent Jack to college!"

"\$5 a week?" I exclaimed. "That's the really amazing thing about a Bankers Life Double Duty Dollar

Plan," Marilyn answered. "I've been talking to Patty Merrill about the plan she and Tom have. It costs so little—yet provides cash for emergencies and, if anything happens to Tom, protection for the family—even money to send the kids to college. All started for \$5 a week!"

"We could afford that much," I agreed. "Best of all," Marilyn said—"as your income increases, we can build greater security for ourselves and the kids. Even assure ourselves a regular monthly income when you're ready to retire!"

That settled it! The very next day I saw the friendly Bankers Life man. We worked out a Double Duty Dollar Plan to fit our needs. I've never had a single worry about money or the future since. Now that the kids are through college and I've retired—with a regular check from Bankers Life coming in every month—I often think how different our lives could have been. Is the future worth \$5 down to you? Mail the coupon today!

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Itch, she walked out on her contract, went to New York in "an absolute, desperate attempt," says a friend, "to find out what she was and what she wanted."

Almost at once Marilyn found friends in the theater—Cheryl Crawford, Elia Kazan, the Strasbergs, Arthur Miller, Norman and Hedda Rosten, Maureen Stapleton. "For the first time," she says, "I felt accepted, not as a freak, but as myself." She showed a nice talent for painting (watercolors), and she read aloud from poems she could hardly understand. Friends sent her to the Actors Studio. After about six months of study and exercise, she finally worked up courage to do a 20-minute scene from *Anna Christie* before the other students, many of them practiced professionals. They praised her work in extravagant terms.

A Real Actress? All at once Marilyn could talk without any stutter at all. She could hardly stop talking. She was gay, and her wit ran free. She leaned less on her friends, stood more on her own feet. Her health was better. The rashes, the sweats, the psychosomatic colds came less often. The old fears were still there, but now there was a way to transform them. "I never dared to think about it," says Marilyn, "but now I want to be an artist. I want to be a real actress."

She probably can be. In *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* Marilyn showed her talent for comedy. In *Bus Stop* she has a chance to show what she can do with the first part she has ever played that is any deeper than her makeup. In *Sleeping Prince* she will have to hold the screen against Sir Laurence Olivier, one of the most accomplished actors of the English-speaking world. Next winter, it was reported last week, Marilyn will tackle Aristophanes' *Lysistrata* on TV, and she is dead-determined that some day she will play Grushenka in *The Brothers Karamzov*.

CURRENT & CHOICE

The Swan. A pretty, witty fairy tale, written by Ferenc Molnar, in which Grace Kelly is won by middle-aged Prince Charming Alec Guinness (TIME, April 23).

The Bold and the Brave. A parable of love and war, in which the spiritual battle is the payoff, with Wendell Corey, Don Taylor, Mickey Rooney (TIME, April 16).

Richard III. Shakespeare's sinister parable of power made into a darkly magnificent film by Sir Laurence Olivier, who plays the title role with satanic majesty (TIME, March 12).

The Ladykillers. Farcical larceny, with light-fingered Alec Guinness lifting £60,000 from an armored truck and then losing it—and the picture—to scene-stealing Katie Johnson (TIME, March 12).

Picnic. William Inge's play about a husky athlete (William Holden) who bounces around a small town like a loose ball while the ladies (Rosalind Russell, Kim Novak) fumble excitedly for possession (TIME, Feb. 27).

The Rose Tattoo. Anna Magnani, in her Oscar-winning role, serves up Tennessee Williams' comitragedy as a wonderful pizza-pie farce (TIME, Dec. 19).



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The Verdict

One night last week, doctors and friends broke the news to the New York *Daily Mirror's* Labor Columnist Victor Riesel: he was blind. "He took it beautifully," said a friend. Next day, exactly a month after a young thug flung sulphuric acid into Riesel's face on a Manhattan sidewalk (TIME, April 16), the doctors' bulletin announced: "The cumulative degenerative processes, stemming from the deep and severe acid burns in Mr. Riesel's eyes, proved impossible to overcome."

In the month of suspense while 41-year-old Victor Riesel's sight flickered and died, 48 New York detectives, the FBI



N.Y. *Daily Mirror*—International
COLUMNIST RIESEL
His byline will continue.

and, in rotation, most of the 60-man staff of U.S. Attorney Paul Williams worked steadily to track down his attacker. The reward for his assailant mounted to \$45,000, but there were still no results to set against the grim medical bulletin.

The bylined Riesel column, which has kept on running in 193 papers, will continue to be written by Riesel's right-hand man, Alton Levy, and his secretary, Miriam Goldfine. But Riesel himself will go on directing their work.

Where Are the People?

It began as a routine murder trial. Dour Mrs. Charlotte Black, 63, a big, thin-lipped woman with square-lensed spectacles, stood accused in Santa Rosa, Calif., of pumping three bullets into the head of her husband Martin, 67. But hardly had the jury been sworn in when the case became a cause. Counsel for the defense told the court that Mrs. Black waived her right to a public trial. Judge Donald Geary promptly ordered spectators out. A lone newsman, Don Engdahl of the

Santa Rosa *Press-Democrat*, kept his place while the bailiff explained who he was. "That makes no difference," snapped the judge. "Clear the court."

With that ruling, unprecedented in California, peppery little Judge Geary, 64, a veteran of 26 years on the bench, put the case into headlines. Thundered the *San Francisco News*: "It took centuries of bloody struggle to outlaw star chamber sessions, and the principle which requires judicial proceedings to be conducted in public still must be vigorously defended." *San Francisco* papers raced to get a higher court writ that would open up the courtroom. They won an order for Judge Geary either to open his court to the press or give an appellate court the reasons for his refusal.

But the order gave Geary one week to defend his ruling, and the judge coolly ran the trial on a brisk timetable assuring its completion before newsmen could possibly get in. On the trial's second day, when seven reporters defiantly barged in, he ordered them right out, but avoided the possible delay of charging them with contempt. Why had he banned the press? Because, said Judge Geary, Mrs. Black was preparing to describe how her husband had forced her to commit perverse acts, and public knowledge of the case would "embarrass not only the defendant but the four women on the jury." Added the judge: "As far as I'm concerned, the failure of the district attorney to object waived any objection on the part of the People."

While the California papers awaited their day in court, the trial ended in a verdict of guilty with a recommendation of leniency. But the California papers were determined to win their point for the future. Summed up Al E. Gilbert, *San Francisco* manager of the California Newspaper Publishers Association: "This is a criminal action: the People against so-and-so. Where are the People? We're in the same position we were in when they barred smut comics. We don't like smut comics. But when you start barring them, you can regulate the editorial page."

Life Can Be Golden

A fast-growing segment of readership in a nation of longer-living, higher-earning citizens consists of men and women between 50 and 60 with dreams of retirement. Their No. 1 journalistic prophet and guide: Tom Collins, 45, feature editor of the *Chicago Daily News*, whose weekly column, "The Golden Years," appears in 94 U.S. newspapers. "Golden Years" has proved so popular that Collins wrapped up some of his columnar observations in a book for oldsters, *The Golden Years* (John Day; \$3.75). Last week the book was off to such a fast sales start that the publishers tagged it a potential bestseller.

Collins' book contains advice on such things as "How to Make Money in Retirement" and "How to Keep a Husband Alive." Sample advice: "Science has not

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been able to prove that men are the stronger sex. Start treating your husband accordingly. After his mid-forties stop asking him, or even allowing him, to do the heavy work around the house." On the subject of money: "Giving money to your children will not keep them close to you. There is no greater insurance for the independence and happiness of Mom and Pop than to hold to the major share of their money until they die." To aging spinsters: "Get out among people. Drop some of your inhibitions. Being too prim can be the worst enemy you have after you retire." On living with children: "Don't . . . if there is any way to avoid it. But live close by if you can, Maybe round the corner." On where to retire: "There are no statistics on happiness, but a quiet observation of those who move



COLUMNISTS COLLINS

She knows how to keep him alive.

away leads you to believe that those who remain at home fare best."

Bellhopping. Collins, a genial Georgian, thought up his column six years ago when his managing editor demanded more fare for old folks. He gathers his material at firsthand—from the aged, who have learned through experience. Old people keep dropping into his office, telephoning, writing 125 letters a week. Some bring problems; others want to share their own solutions. "To tell how to live on \$15 a month or how to plant potatoes and beans in the back garden to save money," Collins, who takes quickly to people, also seeks out information on trips and vacations, stops to chat whenever he sees grey hair. He got one good column when he rang for a bellhop. His call brought a white-haired man who had retired with a good income. But he felt so lonely that he took up bellhopping—and was having a fine time despite his family's strong objections.

Columnist Collins started out on a Decatur, Ga. weekly, worked his way

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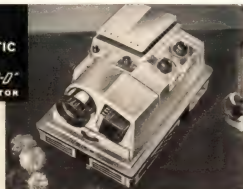
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northward through the *Atlanta Journal* and the *Louisville Courier-Journal* to the *Chicago Daily News*. "The Golden Years" is still a part-time job. His full-time job is running the *Daily News's* women's pages, which he revamped into one of the crispest collections of features in the U.S. He also writes "Today's Chuckle," the short daily gag that is the most widely syndicated text feature (318 papers) in the U.S. Sample chuckle: "All that guy is leaving is seatprints on the sands of time." He culls his gags from hundreds of publications, has built a vast collection "that I'm going to sell to a TV joke writer by the ton."

Spouse-keeping. Collins is not the only columnist in his family. His wife Beulah, 33, writes a daily feature, "Spouse-keeping," on how to care for men, children and homes. It appears under her pen name, Katy P. Collins, in 46 U.S. and foreign papers, including some, e.g., the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, the *Toledo Blade*, that also carry her husband's column. It also runs two or three times a week in the *Chicago Daily News* when it can pass muster with Feature Editor Collins. She does her writing at the comfortable Collins home on Chicago's North Shore, where she also looks after three children and all the housekeeping ("I'm afraid I'll get out of touch if I don't do my own housework").

The Collinases' busy day leaves them little time to develop interests for their old age—a course that Tom Collins urges on his readers. They are up daily at 6:30 a.m., and keep to such a crowded schedule that when Beulah Collins meets her husband's commuter train, she brings him his first evening bourbon old-fashioned in a peanut-butter jar. But with plenty of other income for their living costs, the Collinases are salting away his earnings from his retirement column to take care of their own golden years.

Bitter Victory

Casablanca's daily *Maroc-Presse* braved threats, bombings and assassinations last year in the classic role of a newspaper sticking courageously to an unpopular editorial position. By urging negotiation with moderate Moroccan nationalists, the paper outraged French extremists, who beat up its staffers, smashed its offices, machine-gunned Publisher Jacques Lemaigre-Dubreuil to death (*TIME*, Aug. 8). Last fall the crusade triumphed: the French negotiated, just as *Maroc-Presse* urged, and restored Sultan ben Youssef. But the paper itself did not fare so well as its crusade. After the sultan's return, the suppressed Arab dailies reappeared, and native Moroccans went back to reading them. *Maroc-Presse* had already alienated most French readers and advertisers. By the time the paper ran through a trust fund left by its slain publisher, circulation had dipped from 55,000 to fewer than 20,000, and wealthy Moroccans would lend no money. Last week *Maroc-Presse* tasted the bitter fruit of its victory: the paper that bombs could not intimidate folded under the crush of its deficit.

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Polyethylene

AMAZING NEW USES
FOR WONDER PLASTIC

RECENTLY Business Man Ed Hubbard of Memphis, Tennessee, found himself in a worse fix than Poppa Bear of Goldilocks fame. For something invisible was eating away his house.

His trouble, it turned out, was one which is shared by many homeowners—whether they know it or not—if they have crawl spaces rather than basements under their houses. The villain was that ever-present threat to home security—moisture vapor. In this case the moisture vapor was rising from the ground under the crawl space.

INVISIBLE SPRING. Tests indicated that the ground area under almost any crawl space is an invisible spring, producing as much as nineteen gallons of water vapor every twenty-four hours.

Such moisture vapor, Hubbard found, causes a whole chamber of horrors about which the homeowner usually knows nothing until too late. For instance, this vapor can cause floors to buckle, steel beams to rust and joists to rot. It can even make plaster inside the house get damp and crumble.

Luckily for Hubbard, E. L. Bruce Co., world's largest producers of hardwood flooring, showed him a ridiculously easy solution to his problem.

That solution is simply to put down under the house a layer of 4 mil polyethylene film. You use rolls three to six feet wide. Just unroll it on the ground, allowing three to six inches overlap. The film doesn't even have to be covered,



Salesman Bill Brooks and "Poly-Eth," Spencer's symbol for polyethylene.



Waterproof Rug: cure for a chamber of horrors.

Eleven hundred square feet of polyethylene—a good average figure for underhouse areas—costs about fifteen dollars. One man can lay it in about an hour and a half. And the plastic film, when put down, gives you virtually 100% protection against under-house moisture vapor.*

BUILDING BOON. According to latest reports received by Spencer Chemical Co., makers of "Poly-Eth," polyethylene, this new wonder plastic has also solved a whole flock of other problems that frequently confront the builder.

For example, in slab on grade construction, the only adequate moisture barrier between a concrete floor and a floor-flooding has been a hot-mopped membrane of asphalt-saturated felt.

But if a layer of 2 mil polyethylene film is used as the membrane, it can be held down by a cold cut back floor adhesive and is less expensive and easier to use. For instance, Jack Rhue, Memphis flooring contractor, recently primed a floor space of a hundred and twenty-five square feet, spread the mastic, laid the film, and put down the hardwood blocks—all between nine and three o'clock.

Normally this would have been a two day job. And creating a moisture barrier with polyethylene cost him only about a fourth to an eighth as much as the hot-mopped process.

NO WET BLANKET. Called "the most enduring barrier against vapor and moisture that money can buy," a film of polyethylene can be expected to last the lifetime of a building.

*For more details, send for free Spencer booklet, "Polyethylene for Home Builders and Home Owners."

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• When used as waterproofing for basement or foundation walls, the film adheres to the concrete and stays put when the forms are removed. The forms need no varnishing or greasing, and no other waterproofing is needed.

Used over concrete slabs that are drying, polyethylene film prevents the flaws that result from uneven curing. In hot dry climates, it keeps concrete from drying too quickly.

Because polyethylene is the lightest of all non-foam plastics (a thousand square feet of 4 mil film weighs less than twenty pounds) and because it comes in extra big sheets, it is so easy to handle that it greatly reduces labor costs—sometimes by as much as 50%.

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takes the work out of your paper work . . . quickly pays for itself. *Why even if you eliminate only one page of typing per day in your office (and you'll do much more than this) you'll be dollars ahead the first year!*

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RELIGION

Tension in the Church

The Episcopal diocese of Chicago is thriving; its 100 parishes have an overall flock of 100,000, and its mission program has increased 100% during the past year. But, like many another Episcopal body politic, it suffers from pains in the joints where High-Churchman meets Low-Churchman. To the Highs, who run the diocese, the representation of one vote per parish, regardless of size, and the custom of prearranged block voting in conventions seems nothing but conducive to smooth and orderly management. To the Lows it seems unfair and undemocratic.

Last week, on the eve of the diocese's 119th annual convention, the Rev. H. Ralph Higgins, 53, of prosperous St.



Arthur Siegel

EPISCOPALIAN HIGGINS
Up and down the river,

Mark's Church in Evanston, Ill., used his sermon for a preconvention broadside at the diocesan leadership. "What these people want," he cried, "is the exaltation of the clerical order, the subordination of the laity, and the regimentation of the life of the church along imperialist, monarchical or oligarchical lines. In practice . . . [they] want the clergy to run the show, although by no means a majority of the clergy want any such dubious honor . . ."

"It is not difficult to see why the anti-democratic elements raise the cry: 'The church is not a democracy but a theocracy!' Theoretically, a theocracy is government by direct action of God; practically, theocracy is government by a priest caste . . . Advocates of the theocratic theory are well aware that the only sure way for them to gain control is through organized political action, whereby the vast majority of our membership which does not subscribe to their point of view can be controlled. This is the reason for the presence

in this and other dioceses of political machines."

Small, chipper Bishop Gerald Francis Burrill, 40, was unimpressed by angry Dr. Higgins, doubted that the subject would even come up at this week's convention. "It's just a tempest in a teapot," he shrugged. "Or you might say it's an old chestnut that's been rolling around for years. Our church is a church of tension. We try to preserve within it the doctrines and discipline of the Catholic Church, but with a difference. This argument has been fought up and down the river ever since the Reformation . . . The majority of our people don't feel that deeply about it . . . This is a fine, happy diocese."

Methodists Convened

In cavernous Minneapolis Auditorium one day last week, the 766 delegates to the Quadrennial General Conference of the Methodist Church, representing more than 9,000,000 Methodists, stood up and applauded. Reason for their enthusiasm: the convention's solution of the most indigestible problem with which they had been faced. The problem: what to do about the Methodists' Central Jurisdiction, a nongeographical division which contains only Negroes, and thus represents a sort of segregation within the church. The solution: a constitutional amendment which will allow the Central Jurisdiction to be dissolved gradually. The conference also created a commission to study other ways of promoting greater interracial brotherhood within the church, and elected U.S. Assistant Secretary of Labor J. Ernest Wilkins, a Negro, as new president of the church's powerful Judicial Council, so-called "supreme court" of U.S. Methodism. Other conference actions:

¶ Adopted a report condemning discrimination as "unfair and un-Christian."

¶ Voted (389 to 297) to grant full rights of the clergy to women. Until now, women have been limited to Methodist ordination (there are currently some 350 women ministers); ministerial membership in annual conferences and assured appointments to churches have been denied them.

¶ Called for a return to prohibition and applied a rhetorical axe to the liquor trade: there is "a growing practice of permitting the sale of alcoholic beverages through drug and grocery stores, in a deliberate attempt to win the housewife as a customer"; liquor "impairs tenderness of conscience."

The Little Church

Everything about the brand-new Disciples of Christ church that was dedicated in Dallas last Sunday is appropriate and pretty. Its walls are soft pink adobe brick, its spruce-wood ceiling is vaulted and beamed with fir, its windows are of stained glass, its altar of carved oak. There is only one unconventional thing about it: the Little Church is only 21 ft. by 40 ft. and all its appointments are scaled to size. For

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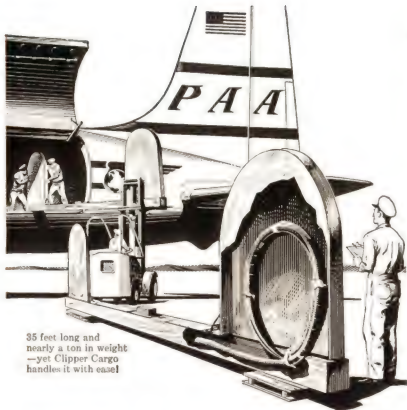
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its membership of 65 is composed entirely of children from six to twelve.

The Little Church began 13 years ago, when a Dallas adman named Frank D. Brimm organized a group within the congregation of the Central Christian Church to build a 15-ft.-by-20-ft. white frame church as an experiment in religious education. It was an unqualified success, and when Central Christian moved in 1951 a fund was started to build another Little Church. Eventually \$10,000 was raised—some of it contributed in the memory of Founder Brimm, who had died.

Elders worried at first that the children would indulge in more diodes than devotions, but they were soon impressed. "They do not play," says Mrs. Ilene Timmerman, 48, leader of the Little Church. "Sometimes they are more serious than we are." They lead their own prayers ("It might be anything from 'thank you for the new kitty at home' to 'thank you for a wonderful world'"), serve their own communion of wafers and grape juice, and pass their own collection plates.

"It is not a matter of entertaining children," said "Miss Ilene" last week. "It is a matter of training them. It instills a desire to go to church. If we can achieve that, we have achieved something."

Words & Works

¶ The Rev. Riccardo Lombardi, S.J., spellbinding preacher of social responsibility to the Roman Catholic rich (TIME, March 1, 1948), is supervising construction of a building near Castel Gandolfo to be called "Pius XII Center for a Better World." "I shall dedicate what remains of my life," said Jesuit Lombardi, 47, "to creating half-a-dozen apostles and perhaps as many as 1,000 preachers who will continue my work . . . The Catholic camp must re-examine itself, and only the Pope can direct such a thing. But to do so, he needs the assistance of a stable organization that can dedicate the whole of its time and energy to this purpose."

¶ A new biweekly magazine called *Christianity Today* was announced for publication in October. In addition to Editor Carl F. H. Henry (professor of Christian philosophy at Fuller Theological Seminary in Pasadena, Calif.) and Executive Editor Dr. L. Nelson Bell of Asheville, N.C., the staff will have 42 correspondents and 47 contributing editors, including Billy Graham (son-in-law of Editor Bell). With advertising of a "culturally constructive" type, the new magazine will "articulate evangelical opinion and historic Christianity" in an initial 200,000 copies.

¶ In New Orleans, Emile F. Wagner Jr., president of the Association of Catholic Laymen, organized to oppose integration, announced that under "dire threat of excommunication" from Archbishop Joseph F. Rummel the 30 directors of the association were halting their activities. They plan to send an appeal to Rome, said Wagner: "We are greatly alarmed at the casual way the matter of excommunication and mortal sin has been handled about, and we greatly fear this has caused great confusion among Catholics."

The little machine that dared to run away from home

Home, for a paper-making machine, is usually near its source of raw materials, the forest. But this little machine operates in the heart of a big city (Los Angeles), 1000 miles away from its wood supply.

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SESSU NATIONAL ART MUSEUM

Heaven-Opening View

Eighteen thousand Japanese, buzzing with admiration, visited Tokyo's National Museum last week to see the work of an artist who died 450 years ago. Known by his painter name, "Sesshu" (Snow Boat), he is today rated as Japan's greatest landscape artist; his works are valued at up to \$250,000 each, and four are classed as "national treasures." So enthusiastic were the crowds that turned out to inspect the 30 Sesshu masterpieces on view that the museum broke precedent, was open on Mondays for the first time since its opening in 1937.

To Japanese, Sesshu is, as one early critic said, "the open door through which all contemporary and subsequent artists looked into the seventh heaven of Chinese genius." Working mainly in *sumi* ink and brush, Sesshu changed the Chinese art of landscape into something typically Japanese, portraying traditional Japanese scenes in sure, strong brush strokes that gave a new vigor and vision to the exquisite lines of the Chinese Sung period. From Sesshu onward, Japanese painting had a look of its own and a tradition still

ART

practiced by such modern masters as Taikwan Yokohama (TIME, Sept. 19).

Peace in Cloud Valley. Born in the small farming hamlet of Akahama in 1420, young Oda Toyo entered a Zen Buddhist temple at twelve. According to popular legend, he was a wayward boy, overfond of drawing. Tied to a wooden pillar as corrective discipline, he at first wept copiously, says legend, stopping only when his tears made a pool on the floor which he used as ink, with his toes for brushes. Oda Toyo's talent was early recognized and fostered, including apprenticeship to the painter Shubun, the leading practitioner of Chinese-style paintings of his day. Not until he was 44, disciplined in hand and heart, did Oda Toyo settle down to draw in a peaceful retreat in Unokoku (Cloud Valley), near Yamaguchi, soon began signing his work Sesshu.

Sesshu made firsthand contact with the sources of traditional landscape art during a trip to China as commercial emissary for a Japanese warlord. Once there, he studied in Zen Buddhist monasteries,

turned out landscape drawings of the four seasons that amazed even the traditional classic practitioners. At Peking, he left behind one of his paintings, which for years was held up to young Chinese painters as a model of excellence. But Sesshu returned to Japan a disappointed man, noting that he had sought in vain through 400 provinces for a master, and concluded: "My only teachers of painting are the celebrated places of Ming—the mountains, rivers, grasses and trees . . . The teacher is in myself."

Pavilion with a View. Once at home again, Sesshu turned down the position of court painter to devote the rest of his life to painting in his Cloud Valley retreat and wandering through northern Kyushu, building landscape gardens, writing verse, and painting. When he happened on a particularly striking landscape, he built a "Pavilion of Heaven-Opening Picture," lingered there until he had exhausted the view.

During this period he turned out his greatest masterpiece, a 55-ft.-long scroll showing a panoramic view of valleys, lakes, mist-shrouded mountains and sturdy, small fishing villages. With old age his

YALE COLLECTORS

Convinced that Yalermen have won their Ys in art collecting as well as most other walks of life, Book Publisher Thomas R. Coward ('19), president of Coward-McCann, Inc., set out to prove his point with an alumni loan show at the 124-year-old Yale University Art Gallery. The result, on view this week in New Haven, is a choice selection of 250 oils, watercolors and drawings from the private collections of Yale alumni, including such well-heeled art fanciers as New York Governor W. Averell Harriman ('13), U.S. Steel Corp.'s former Board Chairman Irving S. Olds ('07), Manhattan Financier John Hay Whitney ('26), Industrialist Stephen C. Clark ('03), Museum Director Duncan Phillips ('08) and Actor Vincent Price ('33).

Yale taste ranges generously over 500 years of art, from Hans Memling's *Annunciation*, El Greco's *Christ Bearing Cross* and Rembrandt's *Gérard de Lairesse*, all owned by Manhattan Financier Robert Lehman ('13), to such high-velocity moderns as Jackson Pollock's *Wounded Beast*, 1943, owned by Art Critic Thomas B. Hess ('42). But current U.S. collectors' taste is most accurately reflected by the heavy concentration in 19th and 20th century European masters. Top

favorite: Picasso (seven paintings), followed by Degas, Braque, Cézanne, Delacroix, Renoir, Van Gogh and Goya (five each).

Significantly, the Yale exhibit also shows that U.S. collectors, long accustomed to taking their cue from abroad, have not neglected the home front. Nearly half the exhibitors had American paintings on show. Among them: such recognized American masters as Winslow Homer, Thomas Eakins and Albert Ryder, and a sampling of the turn-of-the-century "Ash Can" realists.

In *Gramercy Park*, owned by Cornelius Vanderbilt ("Sonny") Whitney ('22), Painter George Bellows has caught with bold brush strokes a golden instant of a summer day, quickened for today's viewers by nostalgia for that quieter age. Everett Shinn, one of the original Ash Can Eight, recorded another facet of the feather boa era in *Trapeze*, owned by Wall Streeter Arthur Goodhart Altschul ('43). A painter who often exclaimed, "Lord, I love the theater," Shinn depicted the flashing figures onstage at Manhattan's Winter Garden Theater. Shinn, with an old vaudeville fan's admiration for the acrobats' split-second timing, showed that he had a keen and appreciative eye for a pair of long silk-stockinged legs as well.



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GEORGE BELLOWS' "GRAMERCY PARK"

EVERETT SHINN'S "TRAPEZE, WINTER GARDEN, NEW YORK"



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style changed once again. At 76 he turned out his famed *Haboku Sansui*, or ink-splashed landscape, setting down on wet paper in a few bold strokes an inn with wine flag, small boat with figures and a suggestion of distant mountains that for controlled mastery are unmatched in Japanese art.

Life in Paris

Paris, the world's most powerful art magnet, is still pulling young painters and sculptors from all over the world. What do they find when they get there? To spell out the economic facts of life, Paris' art monthly *L'Œil* poked into studios and galleries, combed the artists' hangouts for facts and figures. Its findings, published this month, considerably deflate the traditional happy-go-lucky view of *la vie en rose*.

Though the total number of artists in Paris now seems to be shrinking slightly, there are still some 30,000 of them. "As many as there are prostitutes," one painter sardonically pointed out. Up to 20% are foreigners, including approximately 400 Americans. Even to find housing and studio space, artists have been forced to spread out far beyond such traditional artists' quarters as Montparnasse and Montmartre, now live in attics and mansards or cellars all over Paris.

For the young artist a one-man show is the best way to become known. But this comes at a price: up to \$500 for a fortnight's rent on the Left Bank, \$750 or more on the right. In addition, the artist must usually crank out his own publicity, pay a critic (in cash or paintings) to write a catalogue preface, try to talk an *apéritif* manufacturer into serving free drinks. Even then the gallery pockets 20% to 33% of the sales.

For the long haul, the artist's best bet for a steady income is a gallery contract, a monthly payment of \$50 to \$150 for "first look" rights. Portrait commissions, once the artist's stand-by, have practically dried up; the art patron willing to finance a painter is as scarce in inflation-ridden France as a gold franc note. Many artists barter their works for art materials, do part-time drudge work painting lead soldiers, washing bottles, painting houses.

One important new factor today is the speculator willing to take a flyer on the works of a young unknown. Tempted by such examples as Bernard Buffet (*TIME*, Feb. 27), whose canvases in eight years have jumped in average price from \$50 to more than \$1,000, dealers, brokers and middlemen are buying paintings, hoping for a "*beau coup*" (lucky strike). Occasionally art dealers buy up an artist's whole studio full of works, salt them away until the artist's work brings a premium.

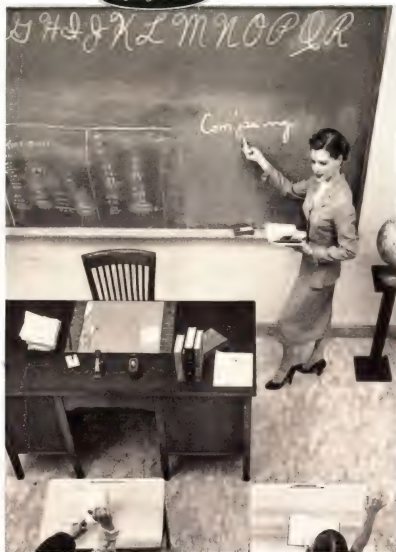
But such a windfall is still the exception to the rule. "The number of those who give up is enormous," *L'Œil* finds. "We have to admit it: the Gauguins have always been the exceptions. . . . The cozy apartment, the car, the refrigerator have killed many careers."

TIME, MAY 14, 1956

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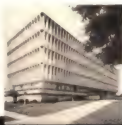
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THE THEATER

New Musical in Manhattan

The Most Happy Fella (based on Sidney Howard's *They Knew What They Wanted*; book, lyrics and music by Frank Loesser) is Frank Loesser's first Broadway show since *Gypsy* and *Dolls*. In style more like an opera than a straight Broadway show, it achieves opera's invariable prime aim: its music stands splendidly foremost. In Broadway terms, *The Most Happy Fella* boasts an exuberantly rich and varied score that ranges from perky show tunes and bright snatches flung over the shoulder to full-throated romantic duets and choruses that flood the theater.

The score—for the rain-then-shine California romance of an aging Italian winegrower and the young waitress he has courted by mail—is at its best where it is lightest or most lightly lyrical. There is a male quartet cocking a very male eye in *Standing on the Corner*; there is the sheer Broadway frolicking of *Big D*, with its salute to Dallas; the gay lesson-in-English of *Happy to Make Your Acquaintance*; the Verdi-gurdy high spirits of *Abbandanza* and *Sposazio*. But there is also the lyrical *How Beautiful the Days*, with its touch of Bellini-like sweetness, and the quick lilt of *Young People* (with its littles follow-up line about the no-longer-young). Only in operatic passages that are dately lush or flamboyantly melodramatic, or in the winegrower's inept vocalizations to his dead mother, does the generally vintage music turn to ordinary California, indeed even Hollywood, wine.

Fella is fortunate in having music that so often sweeps all before it, for there is a good deal that needs to be swept. The small human story with the wise human moral that Sidney Howard, in *They Knew What They Wanted*, neatly packed into one room has been wildly scattered and in places quite submerged all over the Napa Valley countryside. For all that is folksy in *Fella*, something plaintively simple is missing; as there is sentiment and to spare but no pervasive current of emotion. For in excess of any proper musical's quota, *Fella* has been choked up, and in places even hoked up with rustic razzle-dazzle and vineyard partygoing. All this might just get by were the parties more festive; but despite plenty of good dance music, *Fella* offers remarkably commonplace dancing.

And some of Loesser's lyrics, with their flat words and cliché rhymes, are not really suitable company for his music. Perhaps the only things that are suitable are Baritone Robert Weede in the title role, Susan Johnson in a comedy role, much of Joseph Anthony's lively staging and the best of Jo Mielziner's sets. But in working toward something more varied and spacious than the standard Broadway musical, *Fella* at its worst is a misstep forward; while the music itself is among Broadway's most resplendent in years.



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STATE OF BUSINESS

From Cheers to Jolts

"Secretary of Commerce Sinclair Weeks will not call a press conference until he can get off an optimistic statement," wrote Hearst's jocose Columnist George Dixon last week. "This has led the press to refer to his seminars as 'cheery outlooks.'" When newsmen gathered in Weeks's office later that morning, Weeks was still chuckling over Dixon's dig. As usual, the Secretary was also brimming with optimism. Said he: "I think the outlook is still cheery."

To justify his cheer, Weeks read off a bundle of statistics fresh from the Government's tabulating machines. April employment rose to a new record for the month of 64 million, and the rolls of the unemployed were cut 300,000 to 2,500,000.^{*} Personal income for March climbed to a record annual rate of \$315 billion, a gain of \$19 billion over last year. Weeks conceded that the economy is showing soft spots in autos and residential construction, but thought there was nothing to worry about. But Weeks—along with Treasury Secretary George Humphrey, Presidential Economic Adviser Arthur Burns and others high in the Administration—was worried about the Federal Reserve Board's boost in the discount rate (TIME, April 23). Said Weeks: "The tight money situation might prove to be a handicap in business expansion and sales."

Full Safe. There was no doubt that the money pinch was real. Chicago's big commercial banks were slow to take on new borrowers, were only lending to prime risks. At a Pennsylvania Bankers Association meeting, FRB Chairman William McChesney Martin Jr. felt called upon to defend his policy. FRB, said Martin, has "always met business's seasonal needs and will keep on doing so." And needs were being met: even at high interest rates, commercial bank loans in Manhattan alone rose \$122 million for the week, nearly five times the increase for the comparable period of last year.

In the disagreement over policy within the Administration, President Eisenhower gave FRB and Martin his tacit support. Said Ike: "If [the Federal Reserve] believes that money is getting too tight because of this, they will take measures to meet it."

Customers Wanted. Not all U.S. businessmen were as cheerful as Sunny Sinny Weeks. March figures on manufacturers' sales and inventories turned up a disturbing trend; inventories went up \$500 million over February to \$47.4 billion, \$4.1 billion over March of last year. Sales of all manufactured goods slipped \$100 mil-



COMMERCE SECRETARY WEEKS
He put on rosy spectacles.

lion below February, and new orders dropped \$700 million. However, both sales and new orders for March were still running ahead of March 1955, though the ratio of inventories to sales has been creeping up since last fall.

The biggest trouble spot was in the auto industry. United Auto Workers President Walter Reuther flatly said there was "no hope" for a sales pickup, asked auto and farm-equipment makers to meet with labor to map plans to help the industries' unemployed; he put the auto figure at

142,000, out of a total work force of 100,000. Detroit was worried, and rightly so. There was also a bright side to the picture. Used cars were moving well, and some late models were in such short supply that prices were better than last year.

Though first quarter production was down 18% from the comparable period last year, the automakers' work force was cut less, about 15%. For 1956's first quarter, sales totaled 1,570,900, only 11% below last year's record-breaking first quarter. April sales were also good (about 550,000 cars, second only to April 1955), but not good enough to whittle down the huge backlog of new models gathering dust on dealers' lots. Despite big sales promotions and repeated cutbacks in production, inventories edged well past the 900,000 mark to an alltime high (see chart).

For months, the automakers have been using the weather—a bad winter and a late spring—as an alibi for lagging sales. With decent weather, predicted one automaker, sales will pick up speed, and dealers will soon drive a big hole in the winter's huge production backlog. But now, over most of the U.S., warm weather has finally arrived. If auto sales fail to climb with the temperatures, both the automakers and the auto workers are in for a rough ride.

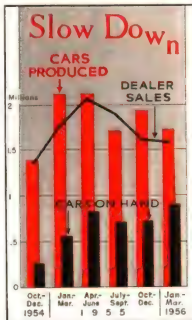
ATOMIC ENERGY

Future in the Sands

"Zirconium," said National Research Corp.'s Atomic Expert Manson Benedict, "will become as important to atomics as copper is to the electrical industry." What Scientist Benedict was talking about last week was a huge new program by the Atomic Energy Commission to use almost pure zirconium as a construction material for nuclear reactors. To three companies—National Research, Carborundum Co. and National Distillers Corp.—AEC handed out contracts to buy \$70 million of the metal over the next five years. From a trickle, zirconium production will soar to 2,200,000 lbs. annually. Price: around \$6.50 a lb., less than half previous costs.

The expansion could not have been better timed to supply the zirconium, which is needed not only for submarine and military reactors but for commercial power plants. Last week New York's Consolidated Edison Co. and Chicago's Commonwealth Edison Co. (TIME, April 18, 1955) got a final green light from AEC to build two big nuclear power plants to generate a total 416,000 kw. of electricity. Their reactors alone will require an estimated 50,000 lbs. of zirconium.

Steel & the Nautilus. Known since 1780, zirconium has long been one of the world's commonest (ninth most abundant) but least used metallic elements. Hard, heat-resistant (melting point: 1,845° C.), almost corrosion-proof, zir-



Time Chart by V. Puplin

* Manufacturing accounts for 40% of the unemployed, reported the U.S. Labor Department last week. Of the balance, one of four came from the seasonal construction industry, and one in ten was a white-collar worker. Average jobless period: 7.4 weeks.

conium cost \$315 a lb. as late as 1945, was a laboratory curiosity beyond the purse of U.S. industry. In the postwar years, National Lead Co., Union Carbide & Carbon Corp. and others learned to produce commercial-grade zirconium as a hardening material for steel (1,500,000 lbs. at \$10 a lb. was shipped in 1955). But in 1948, with the start of the atomic power plant program, the AEC found it needed almost pure zirconium. Since it does not become radioactive, it is an ideal construction material for light, compact, thermal-type reactors such as those on the submarines *Nautilus* and *Sea Wolf*. A Bureau of Mines pilot plant and, later, Carborundum Co. developed processes to refine 99.5% pure zirconium, gradually brought the price down to \$14 a lb. on total production of 300,000 lbs. annually by 1955.

Now the AEC will expand production nearly tenfold. Using a sodium-based process, National Distillers will turn out 1,000,000 lbs. annually for the AEC, build a multimillion dollar plant at Ashtabula, Ohio. By modifying the "Kroll Process" for refining titanium, Carborundum Co. will boost production from 325,000 lbs. to 825,000 lbs. annually. Using its own process, National Research Corp. will produce 700,000 lbs. annually for five years, collect \$22.7 million. It will build a \$6,000,000 plant at Pensacola, Fla. to start production by early 1957 from beach sand.

Reactors & Chemicals. The three producers are building plants with a capacity of about 1,500,000 lbs. apiece per year, will thus have enough for both AEC and private needs. Aside from zirconium, other rare metals may come from AEC's program, e.g., thorium, currently under study as a cheap source for nuclear fuel.

Beyond atoms, the three companies see a new market opening up for low-priced zirconium. Eventually, they hope to produce a slightly lower-grade zirconium for as little as \$3.50 a lb., well within the pocketbooks of dozens of industries from electronics (where it is used to absorb oxygen in vacuum tubes) to machine tools. Estimates are that the U.S. chemical industry alone can use big quantities to cut its losses of \$500 million annually from corrosion of pipes, valves and tanks.

COMMODITIES

The Soaring Soy

On the Chicago Board of Trade, the star performer for weeks has been the versatile soybean, the eighth most valuable U.S. farm crop. Since the first of the year, Europe's freeze, which ruined the olive-oil crop, has sent the oily soy soaring nearly \$1 a bushel to the season's high of \$3.42 per bushel. While other farm commodities did poorly, the soy did nip-ups for happy speculators: exports from Oct. 1 to March 31 rose nearly 1,000% compared with the same period a year ago, while domestic producers crushed the beans at a record rate for oils

HEAVYWEIGHT TRAINS. almost three times heavier than new lightweight trains now in vogue, will be put on the road by the Santa Fe. Despite lightweight hoopla, Santa Fe will spend \$13 million to equip its El Capitan streamliner with 47 "hi-level" cars two feet higher than conventional coaches, will seat passengers on a deck eight feet above wheels.

OCTANE RACE is getting hotter among gasoline producers. Socony Mobil Oil Co. will market at regular prices new "Mobilgas-R" with high enough octane rating for knock-free performance in most cars. In the premium field, Esso Standard Oil Co. will soon market special "Golden Esso Extra" with octane rating of more than 97. Sun Oil Co. in Florida is blending gas at the pump, giving drivers a choice of five grades of fuel. Top-grade rating: over 100.

FIRST WAGE SETTLEMENT of 1956 for a big, nationwide industry has been given clothing workers. Manufacturers have agreed to 12½¢ hourly pay increase for 150,000 members (average pay: \$1.65 per hour) of Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America. Added benefits bring package to about 16¢.

TRANSATLANTIC RATE WAR is stirring up between Pan American and Trans World Airlines. Besides first-class and tourist flights, Pan American proposes a third cut-rate (no free meals, smaller seats, more stops) service for \$458 round trip between New York and Paris v. \$558 for its lowest current fare.

T.W.A. is countering with plans for a 15-day excursion flight from New York to London for \$350 round trip. Big stumbling block to both plans: they must be approved by the International Air Transport Assn., whose European members are against any fare decrease.

STORE MERGER will put Federated Department Stores within a whisker of Allied Stores in the race

and livestock meal. A trader who put up \$180 at Christmas (at an 18¢ per bushel margin) to buy a futures contract to deliver 1,000 bushels four months later, pocketed a \$97.50 profit at the beginning of May.

But the soy's very success spelled trouble. As the price rose, the processors' profits dropped and so did their interest in soybeans. They could not compete with edible oils from corn and other sources, and finally they began closing down.

At midweek the inevitable happened. As trading volume reached an alltime high of 66,205,000 bushels, prices for July futures, i.e., July delivery, dived the permissible 10¢ limit for the day. The next day the same thing happened as speculators with tiny margins and quick reflexes hastened to unload. Rumors

for No. 1 spot among U.S. department-store chains. In an \$18 million stock deal, Federated (Manhattan's Bloomingdale's, Boston's Filene's, Dallas' Sanger's) will take on Miami's Burdine's Inc., Florida's biggest (1955 sales: \$42.8 million) department store, with four units in the state. In year ended Jan. 28, 1956, Federated, with sales of \$537.7 million, was only \$44 million behind Allied's pace, but now, with Burdine's, it is running almost even.

PEACEFUL PICKETS may not be punished if fellow pickets riot on the picket line, says the U.S. Court of Appeals. In a case involving strikers against the B.V.D. Co., the court overturned an NLRB decision penalizing peaceful strikers by not giving them their jobs back.

LOW-PRICED COLOR TV SETS (about \$500) with 21-in. screens will be put on market this fall by Radio Corp. of America, General Electric and Philco to compete with Admiral's similarly priced set.

FIAT BABY CAR, even smaller than famed Topolino, will be put on Italian market to compete with motorscooter-maker Vespa, currently at the rate of 213,487 scooters annually. The \$640 Fiat will have two seats, get 55 miles to the gallon and go up to 53 m.p.h.

NO TIRE PRICE INCREASE will be made in the near future, says E. E. Goodrich President W. S. Richardson. Synthetic-rubber prices have climbed about 4% to 23.9¢ a lb. recently, but lower prices for crude rubber and nylon will keep tire prices about the same.

INSTALLMENT BUYING, once scorned as capitalist gouge, is cropping up in Communist bloc. To sell luxury goods (\$500 refrigerators, \$1,379 phonographs) to workers making less than \$200 a month, Poland and Hungary are plugging plan with from six to 18 installments. In Hungary, down payments are 25%, interest charge 7% to 9%.

that the Commodity Exchange Authority (the SEC of commodity trading) was going to investigate possible market rigging brought still more stop-loss orders pouring in. At week's end, the CEA investigation rumors quieted; July futures closed at \$3.20 per bushel, a loss of about 2¢ in three days, and the market seemed slightly firmer. Said a broker: "This is the kind of business that can give you heart failure."

MANAGEMENT

Featherbedding Brass

One of U.S. management's big complaints is against union featherbedding practices. Last week the American Institute of Management warned that unions are not alone in insisting on unnecessary

BETTER HOUSES ABUILDING

Because Buyers Demand Them

THE home buyer today knows pretty well what he wants. Panic buying is gone. The market is now dominated by the couple who have lived in, or own, a house and want a better home. These people know what was wrong with the old one." In these words, Chicago Builder George Goldman summed up a growing problem for housebuilders. More and more home buyers are finding things wrong with the general run of houses on the market, demanding better value. In Washington fortnight ago, 103 specially chosen U.S. women were invited by the Housing and Home Finance Agency to list some of the wrongs.

The main complaint is space. For \$10,000 the Washington panel thought buyers should get at least 1,200 sq. ft. of space, with three bedrooms, 1½ baths, a kitchen with eating facilities, a living room, utility room and basement. Such a house, say architects, actually costs \$15,000. Yet, according to statistics for 1955 compiled by the Labor Department, these things are often not found in houses selling for \$15,000. Of all new homes in the \$12,000-\$15,000 price range, 63.9% had fewer than 1,200 sq. ft. of floor space, while 36.7% of those in the \$15,000-\$20,000 class also fell short of the mark. Buyers had to pay \$20,000 before most builders included three bedrooms; even then, 17.4% offered only two bedrooms.

The complaints are not merely on size alone. In today's buyers' market, people are no longer satisfied with yesterday's domineering housing developments. Location and landscaping have become vital. In Southern California's Orange County, long one of the state's boomiest areas, thousands of houses are going begging, while developments in the San Fernando Valley are still a sellout. One big reason is that Orange County is becoming heavily industrialized; people would rather live in pleasant, factory-free surroundings even though they may have to drive 30 miles to work. The story is the same in Atlanta, where builders are discovering that prospective buyers flock to developments in the rolling suburban hills, pass up those set on the flatlands. Detroit's developers are also learning that they must lay out gently winding rather than block-square streets, set houses in different positions on the lots, and leave the trees standing.

"Much of the bloom has gone off the 'contemporary-modern' and rambling ranch-type dwelling. Many home buyers want architecture to match their

climate. Furthermore, so many builders put up cheap imitations of modern designs that even where glassed-in modern houses are suitable, many buyers are going back to traditional designs. The hottest sellers in Dallas this year are Georgian, Colonial and even houses with French Provincial trims, but all are modified to give the kind of light, cool living that buyers demand in the Texas climate. In California, the swing to traditional houses has brought back "Cinderella" and "Storybook" houses with leaded-glass windows and dormers.

Inside, the great cry is for better planning, more closets and storage space, bigger kitchens and bathrooms. On the West Coast, many builders consider that "two full baths are a must." Oversized living rooms are growing less popular. Instead, families ask for a smaller, more formal living room for guests and a second, paneled "family room" for everyday living. As for living rooms themselves, today's buyer wants a fireplace in a \$10,000 house, whereas 87% of the \$10,000 homes in the 1955 Labor Department survey had no fireplace. On the other hand, the great picture-window craze has been overdone. Too many picture windows face traffic-clogged streets or the neighbors' garbage cans.

As building costs—and home prices—soar higher, prospective buyers are also taking a hard look at the equipment built into new houses. In Texas, builders of \$100,000 houses can still pile on the gadgets by the carload: two dishwashers, built-in music systems, even air-conditioned doghouses. But in the lower price brackets, more and more families would rather pay for space, buy the gadgets later. Built-in TV is no longer in such great demand; neither are built-in dishwashers, waste disposals or other extras.

The demands for more attractive homes are all part of the rise in the U.S. standard of living. With more money, U.S. families are willing to pay more for the new, but they must feel it is an improvement on the old. For U.S. builders, the early postwar days when any old design would sell are fast dying. To keep on building some 1,200,000 new houses annually, they must meet changing consumer needs and desires much in the same way Detroit's automakers turn out an annual model change. And like the automaker, who quickly caught on to postwar yearnings for longer, lower, higher-horsepowered cars, so U.S. homebuilders must ask the man who owns one, and listen to his ideas.

jobs; management itself is guilty of widespread featherbedding.

"Featherbedding occurs at top level management and extends down to the rank of foremen," said A.I.M. in a report to its 17,000 members. And one of the biggest causes of featherbedding is nepotism. In more than half of the 23,000 U.S. companies A.I.M. studied, an executive had put his sons, cousins, brothers—even an assortment of relatives—on the payroll.

In every field of U.S. industry, A.I.M. found other examples of executive featherbedding. It cited the case of the two Eastern banks that merged and ended up with four vice presidents who had nothing to do, and the case of the New England manufacturer who booted his incompetent production manager upstairs to "vice president in charge of personnel," where subordinates handled the job he was supposed to do. Many a corporate head creates positions to make work for friends, said A.I.M., and some invent titles merely to surround themselves with yesmen. Asks A.I.M.: "How can management, in all fairness, complain at labor featherbedding when managements are so widely guilty of the same practice? In management featherbedding, the damage is greater, the cost is larger and the bad example is more obvious."

BUSINESS ABROAD

Champion's Champion

The world's most famed maker of racing cars is a grizzled, 58-year-old Italian who flunked out of technical school, puts little faith in slide rules and has never seen his auto race. In the 16 years since one of his cars won the first race it had entered, Enzo Ferrari's speedsters have racked up more road and track victories than any other cars in the world. Last year Ferraris thundered first across the finish line in 93 races. This year they have won Grand Prix trophies from Buenos Aires to Sebring, Fla. Last fortnight for the first time, Ferraris captured the first five places in the tricky, curve-filled Mille Miglia, which even for Italian drivers is the world's toughest open-road race.

But to Enzo Ferrari, the mere fact of victory is less vital than interpreting aright the lessons that the races burn into his automobiles. Says he: "The importance of a race is not so much who is the victor, but the technical results that show whether the engineer is on the right road and progressing." To make sure that he stays on the right road, Ferrari hustles his cars back to his Maranello factory after a race. There they are disassembled and minutely examined by their maker for flaws and hints on how to improve their performance.

Curves at 100. Through his intuition and endless inspection, Speed King Ferrari prevails as an individual against

© India, A.I.M. noted, has a new law that requires any corporate director to get the shareholders' permission before the company may employ his relative.

"...to form a more perfect union, provide for
the common defense, promote the general welfare..."



To attain these objectives of our Constitution automobiles and highways are essential

EACH year sees better cars and better roads contributing to the prosperity and impregnability of "one nation indivisible." The concrete pavements which highway engineers are building today will thriftily, safely serve our grandchildren and our great-grandchildren into the next century.

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A national organization to improve and extend the uses of
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Butler metal buildings go up weeks—often months—ahead of ordinary construction. This means not only lower labor costs, but weeks or months of additional income.



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Consult the yellow pages of your telephone directory for name of your Butler Builder.



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mass-production giants. His cars are high-strung, low-slung machines with the delicate balance of a watch and the stamina of a bull rhino. The 3.5-liter Ferrari that won the Mille Miglia is powered with a huge twelve-cylinder engine, the only V-12 currently in production, which can push it smoothly along the straightaway at close to 100 m.p.h. The weight of engine and chassis is kept low in relation to the horsepower (about 6 lbs. per h.p.). Thus the cars have tremendous pickup. The low center of gravity (and just enough weight to keep rear wheels from spinning) allows them to cling to murderous curves at 100 m.p.h.

A perfectionist who maintains his own foundry because he will not trust another maker's steel, Ferrari manages to communicate his sense of artistry to the 350 workers who turn out his cars and the stable of drivers who run them to victory. Ferrari, who admits that "the results of a race are due only 50% to the car," splits prize money 50-50 with his drivers and (unlike most automakers) gives them a guaranteed minimum, win or lose, thus has his pick of the world's best drivers. He picks his pilots with the care he puts into tuning an engine, teams a cool, canny technician such as World Champion Juan Fangio with a hotspur such as Eugenio Castellotti, who won this year's Mille Miglia.

Help from Fiat. Ferrari depends heavily on prize money to meet his payroll, since he turns out only 80 cars a year, splits his take with the coachmakers who slip the slick bodies over the functional Ferrari chassis. However, Ferrari's winning ways mean prestige and profit for all Italian automakers, and he was able to persuade Fiat to back him to the tune of \$140,000 a year after rounding a tight financial corner in 1955. He counts on winning another \$140,000 in prize money this year to stay in competition with bigger, better-financed autos such as West Germany's famed Mercedes. Ferrari this year recruited a new race director, wily Eraldo Sculati; Engineer Vittorio Bellentani, who had designed rival Maserati's racing cars since World War II; and a new stable of drivers. The reorganization so far had paid off handsomely: this year Ferraris had won every race they entered up to last weekend, when they lost at Naples and Silverstone.

A hard-driving boss who cannot bring himself to leave his plant for as long as a day, Ferrari started out as an auto mechanic in Turin, began racing for Alfa Romeo when he was 34. After four years as Alfa Romeo's racing manager, he made his first car in 1930, switched to machine-tool production in World War II. Though his plant was bombed by the Allies and looted by the Germans, Ferrari managed to win the first postwar Mille Miglia in 1947; has won it every year since except 1954 and 1955, when he lacked the cash needed for topflight competition.

Bestseller for \$14,000. Because of the import restrictions that severely curtail sales to other European countries, Ferrari looks to the U.S. for 50% of his sales. All



FERRARI & CASTELLOTTI
On the right road.

Ferraris are built to order, from seats custom-made to fit the buyer's hips to costly fittings such as chamois upholstery and gilded steering wheels. Ferrari's best-selling cars in the U.S. are the 410 Super America (minimum price f.o.b. Italy: \$14,000) and the cheaper, less powerful 250 Gran Turismo (minimum: \$9,111). They come in all body styles and several power ranges, including four- and six-cylinder models, depending on the choice and pocketbook of the buyer.

Ferraris are expensive because they are hand-crafted, down to the last wing nut to withstand the engine-gutting rigors of racing; most models have three fuel pumps, two distributors and four interchangeable rear ends to vary gear ratios



FERRARI'S MILLE MIGLIA WINNER
Around murderous curves.



This Mr. Bell should see !

Telephone in the desk drawer! Just one of many revolutionary advances that eliminate desk clutter for the man behind a Shaw-Walker desk.

A desk can be more than a place at which to work. It can be an important aid to *getting work done easier and more efficiently*. This Shaw-Walker Work-Organizer Desk is working proof of that fact.

With a Shaw-Walker desk you make a clean sweep of clutter and confusion. Drawer interiors—

including place for telephone*—organize everything from paper clips to records.

Actually a Shaw-Walker Work-Organizer Desk has an ingenious ability to *lend a hand*—you find working materials

without hunting. Use it just one week and you'll be amazed at how much smoother the day's work goes.

See *what's new* in other time-saving, space-saving office equipment; get 292-page illustrated "Office Guide." Free, when requested on business letterhead. Write Shaw-Walker, Muskegon 79, Mich.

* In some cities the phone company hesitates to install phone in drawer but will do so when shown our Simplified Plan.



SHAW-WALKER

Largest Exclusive Makers of Office Equipment
Muskegon 79, Mich. Representatives Everywhere

*These Bonds have not been and are not being offered to the public.
This advertisement appears only as a matter of record.*

NEW ISSUE

May 2, 1956

\$120,000,000

Kaiser Aluminum & Chemical Corporation

First Mortgage Bonds, 4¼% Series Due 1981

Subject to the terms and conditions of Purchase Agreements negotiated by the undersigned, certain institutional investors have entered into commitments to purchase the above Bonds in instalments by September 1957.

The First Boston Corporation Dean Witter & Co.

*This advertisement is neither an offer to sell nor a solicitation of offers to buy any of these securities.
The offering is made only by the Prospectus.*

NEW ISSUE

May 2, 1956

300,000 Shares

Kaiser Aluminum & Chemical Corporation

4¼% Cumulative Convertible Preference Stock
(\$100 Par Value)

Price \$100 per share

plus accrued dividends from date of delivery

*Copies of the Prospectus may be obtained from any of the several
undersigners, including the undersigned, only in States in which
such undersigners are qualified to act as dealers in securities
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The First Boston Corporation

Blyth & Co., Inc.	Eastman, Dillon & Co.	Glore, Forgan & Co.	Goldman, Sachs & Co.
Harriman Ripley & Co. <i>Incorporated</i>	Hemphill, Noyes & Co.	Kidder, Peabody & Co.	
Lazard Frères & Co.	Lehman Brothers	Carl M. Loeb, Rhoades & Co.	
Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Beane		Paine, Webber, Jackson & Curtis	
Salomon Bros. & Hutzler	Schwabacher & Co.	Stone & Webster Securities Corporation	
Union Securities Corporation	Wertheim & Co.	White, Weld & Co.	

Dean Witter & Co.

according to road conditions. They are not for the Sunday sportsman, since Ferraris are firmly sprung, idle briskly (because of full-race cams), are no bargain to drive in slow-moving traffic. But Ferrari, who has a hand in every engine he builds, does not care; he would rather see well-heeled amateurs pass up his cars for Austin-Healeys or Jaguars, which are not only far cheaper and easier to handle but are built for everyday pleasure as well as race-day competition. Says Ferrari: "Ferraris are for world champions to win more world championships."

WALL STREET

War Brings the Bears

A popular belief is that a war scare sends the stock market up. Last week the New York Stock Exchange proved the old saw false. Exactly the opposite is true. In a study of violent, day-to-day market fluctuations (2½% or more change on the Dow-Jones Industrial average) from 1935 to 1955, the exchange reported that in 38 wide swings where war news was a factor 51 were downward. Of the seven advances (between September 1939 and June 1940), all were attributed to the hope that the U.S. would not get into the actual shooting, but that increased foreign arms demand would stimulate U.S. business. On the question of overall market stability, the exchange also reported that the market has gradually become more stable not only on a day-to-day, but on an annual, basis.

PERSONNEL

Changes of the Week

¶ Peter Vincent Moulder, 63, was named president of International Harvester at a special meeting of the directors, replacing John L. McCaffrey, 63, who becomes board chairman but remains as chief executive officer. McCaffrey's five-year term coincided with the sharp farm-price drop during which the giant farm-equipment maker's net fell from \$63 million in 1951 to \$55 million in 1955 while other U.S. corporations were setting earnings records. New President Moulder is an old hand at Harvester; he joined the sales division in 1910, became first chief of the company's motor-truck division in 1944, moved up to an executive vice-presidency in 1946, a directorship in 1948. He is married and has two children.

¶ George W. Bengert, 57, became president of Norwich Pharmacal Co., succeeding Melvin C. Eaton, 65, son of a founder, who moved up to board chairman. Born in New Jersey and educated in the Middletown, N.Y., public schools, Bengert graduated from Columbia University in 1922, soon afterward joined Norwich as a research chemist, moved steadily up. Chemist Bengert's hobbies: driving a Thunderbird, working in the Boy Scouts and American Legion.

¶ Alfred Hayes, vice president of New York Trust Co., Manhattan's tenth largest bank, was elected to succeed Allan Sproul, 60, as president of the Federal Reserve



Marron Kendrick, President of Schlage Lock Co., tells how

"I locked up 565 guests!"

"Building the luxurious Fontainebleau Hotel in Florida was tightly scheduled — with 565 guests due at the opening!

"Our problems were to create a special lock design, obtain model approvals, and install the locks before the great day. But could our San Francisco plant compete with other firms many hundreds of miles nearer the construction site?

"Yes — thanks to Air Express!

"The designs, the models, and the last-minute changes were all flown Air Express for customer O.K. Air Express

service gave us valuable added production time . . . End of story: the locks were in before the first guest!

"Delivering anywhere in the country in a few hours, Air Express is like having a factory in every state. We can bid successfully against *any* competition, no matter how local it is. That's because Air Express, in daily use, has never failed us! Yet, sending most of these shipments Air Express costs surprisingly little. For instance, 10 pounds, San Francisco to Miami, with overnight delivery, costs only \$9.54 door to door!"



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Copies of the Prospectus may be obtained from only such of the undersigned as may legally offer these Shares in compliance with the securities laws of the respective States.

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WERTHEIM & CO. DEAN WITTER & CO.

May 1, 1956

Bank of New York, largest and most important unit in the nation's twelve-district Reserve system. Sproul, president of the New York "Fed" for 15 years, became known as the most powerful of the regional chiefs and a frequent dissenter from the Washington Board's policy. He resigned because of health (stomach ulcer). Successor Hayes, who calls himself "deplorably obscure," is described by his banker peers as brilliant, is the first president to come from outside the big bank's ranks since it opened for business in 1914. Son of a Cornell University scholar, Hayes got his degree and a Phi Beta Kappa key at Yale (30), spent a year at Harvard Business School, wound up his academic career as a Rhodes scholar at Oxford with a thesis on the U.S. Federal Reserve. He joined the (New York) City Bank Farmers Trust Co. as an economist, shifted to National City as a bond expert,



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No longer deplorable.

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Wherever you are,
whatever you're
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FOR THE TUMMY



WHO, ME FLY?

MY OWN AIRPLANE!



Land-O-Matic gear... the airplane that makes flying like driving! In no time he was "driving" it. You can, too! The Cessna 172 makes learning to fly easier than ever! Try it. Ask your dealer for a demonstration ride. He's listed in Yellow Pages of phone book. Or write Cessna Aircraft Co., Dept. WT-14, Wichita.



and in 1942 transferred to the New York Trust Co., where he has been since, except for a World War II hitch as a Navy lieutenant. Hayes lives in New Canaan, Conn. with his wife and two children.

John Nevin Bauman, 57, moved into the presidency of White Motor Co., replacing Robert F. Black, 66, who continues as chairman and chief executive officer. "Nev" Bauman joined the truck manufacturer 34 years ago; with a master's degree in engineering from the University of Michigan, he worked a while as an engineer, then found his niche in sales. A relaxed, persuasive talker, he kept selling and rising, and when Black came in to revive the sick company in 1935, he made Bauman sales vice president. Together the two men hiked White's sales from \$20 million to \$180 million. Bauman traveled nearly 2,000,000 miles for the company, today is on first-name terms with some 5,000 of White's 25,000 fleet owners and operators.



The arithmetic of buying a calculator...

Suppose two makes of calculators sell for about the same price. What determines the *real* cost? Is it the price tag . . . or is it the time-saving operating advantages and extra years of efficient service that one calculator will deliver over the other?

Why does a Marchant calculator keep on delivering smooth, quiet service year in and year out over a longer life-time? The answer . . . a mechanism exclusive with Marchant.

Instead of the clashing, metal-on-metal, stop-start drive used in other

calculators, a train of quietly-revolving, constantly-meshed proportional gears forms the unique mechanical heart of a Marchant.

What's more, this smoothly-g geared mechanism rotates the continuously-flowing dials of a Marchant at a speed up to twice the highest speed attainable by any other calculators. And the faster operating speed of a Marchant means faster answers and more efficient figure-work production.

Call in the local MARCHANT MAN. He can show you the profitable arith-

metic of buying the calculator with the longer life that holds down your capital investment . . . the calculator that offers exclusive operating advantages of great importance to the efficient and economical operation of your business.

Mail this coupon, with your business letterhead, to the address below for free

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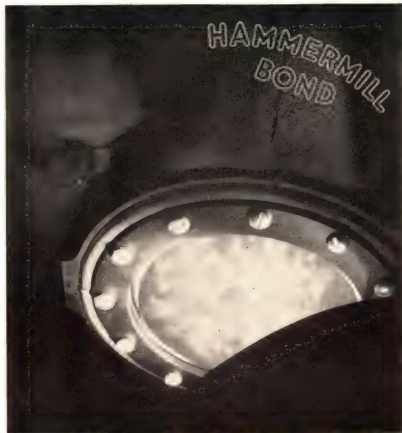
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Another reason why Hammermill Bond prints better,
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MILESTONES



How Hammermill's private eye helps make cleaner paper

THIS IS A WINDOW. It's in a pipeline at Hammermill. Back of it flows the pulp that goes into Hammermill Bond. And through the pulp a beam of light shines into an electric eye.

If the pulp starts to thicken, it cuts down the light striking the electric eye. And instantly, this private eye, devised by Hammermill, detects the change and signals a control valve to add more water. Just enough to bring the pulp back to the right, smooth-flowing consistency.

That's important. At the next step, the pulp is screened through tiny slots to get rid of impurities. When the pulp is the right consistency, only the desirable fibers get through. If it should become too thick, or too thin, even for just a moment, impurities could be squeezed through to end up in the paper as tiny dirt specks.

Tiny, yes! But at Hammermill our constant aim is to give you paper for your letterheads and business forms that is as free as possible of defects, however slight.

Using this photoelectric cell to help make clean paper is another example of

our many extra quality controls, that, together, make Hammermill Bond (1) print better, (2) type better, (3) look better. Hammermill Paper Company, Erie, Pa.

Printers everywhere use Hammermill papers. Many display this shield.



-yet
HAMMERMILL
BOND costs no more
-and actually less than many other unwatermarked papers

Married. Juanita Deere, 34, altar-prone Creek Indian oil heiress, famed for giving birth to a 93-lb. son by Caesarean section at the age of eleven, daughter of the late Woosley Deere, reputedly the richest Indian woman of the hard-pressed '30s; and John Jackson, 30, Negro service-station attendant; she (by her own count) for the 18th time, he for the second - in Tulsa.

Married. Gardner ("Mike") Cowles, 53, president-publisher of *Look* Magazine and the Des Moines Register & Tribune Co.; and Mrs. Jan Hochstrasser Cox, 36, onetime model, erstwhile feature writer for the *Miami Daily News*; both for the fourth time, seven days after her divorce from James Cox Jr., *Miami Daily News* publisher; in Manhattan.

Divorced. Henry Fonda, 51, drawing actor of stage (*The Grapes of Wrath*, *Fort Apache*), screen (*Mr. Roberts*) and TV; by Susan Blanchard, 27, his third wife, sometime actress and stepdaughter of Producer-Lyricist Oscar (*Oklahoma!*) Hammerstein II; after five years of marriage, one child; in Reno.

Died. Fielding Lewis Wright, 60, fiery Mississippi Delta lawyer, 1948 candidate for Vice President of the U.S., on the Dixiecrat ticket, 13-time white supremacist governor of Mississippi (1946-52); of a heart attack; in Jackson, Miss.

Died. P. H. Shinicky (real name: Shin Ikhi), 62, bitter political foe and chief opponent of 81-year-old Syngman Rhee in South Korea's forthcoming (May 15) elections; of a cerebral hemorrhage; in In. South Korea (see FOREIGN NEWS).

Died. Alben William Barkley, 78, Vice President of the U.S. under Harry Truman, junior Senator from Kentucky; of a heart attack; in Lexington, Va. (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS).

Died. Field Marshal Wilhelm Ritter von Leeb, 79, brilliant, Bavarian-born boss of the German army that shattered France's Maginot Line in 1940, sometime (1941-42) commander of the Nazi forces on Russia's northern front, corsair author (*Defense, Chronicle of the Leeb Family*); after long illness; in Augsburg, Germany. One of Hitler's most trusted theoreticians, Aristocrat Leeb finally broke with the Führer over Russian campaign strategy, retired in 1942.

Died. General (ret.) Kazushige Ugaki, 87, onetime (1925-31) War Minister of Japan, Foreign Minister (1938), Governor General of Korea (1931-36), member of the Japanese Diet since 1953; of pneumonia; in Tokyo. Acting on the Emperor's mandate in 1937, peace-minded Ugaki made a stab at the premiership, was blocked by rightist warlords who distrusted him for shearing the army of four divisions.

"Are the frontiers of railroading dead? Not on the Wabash!"



CROSS A TRAIN AND A TRUCK and you get "Piggy Back"—an all-weather, door-to-door service for shippers . . .

a modern-day method of moving freight speedily and safely across Wabash's vast Heart of America route.



In the words of Wabash President A. K. Atkinson, "Never before in history have the drama and excitement of railroading—and the prospects for future developments—been greater than today."

"Here on the Wabash, we're in the midst of a revolution in railroading. Today, we're serving the Heart of America with a new and infinitely better kind of railroad—modern, efficient, built of new ideas and 'look-ahead' planning.

"For example, Wabash 'Piggy Back' service offers shippers advantages not available to them a few short years ago. Luxurious Domeliners make Wabash passenger travel more attractive, more fun. And these few examples can only begin to tell the full story of today's Wabash, alive and alert to your growing needs . . . and building toward greater things tomorrow.

"The romance of railroading gone? The frontiers dead? Not on the Wabash! We're always moving . . . ahead!"

Arthur K. Atkinson



Report Card

¶ The University of Pennsylvania suffered the year's first major outbreak of spring high jinks. The trouble began when six students decided to set up a roadblock on Philadelphia's busy Locust Street. Within a short while, 500 other students joined the fun, began hurling eggs at police who tried to break up the roadblock. At one point the police appeared to have won the day, but as soon as they left the scene, the students began swarming back into Locust Street, and when the police reappeared, began throwing eggs and stones again. This time the police went after the rioters in earnest. Result: 116 students landed in the clink, and 28, charged with everything from disturbing the peace to assault and battery, were held for the grand jury.

¶ While fustly critics of public education might worry about the perilous state of high-school Latin, physics and mathematics, Teachers College, Columbia University, was all aglow over another trend. Driver education, reported T.C. happily, is now "the fastest-growing program in the country." Today four out of ten high schools teach it, making students "safer members of traffic society."

¶ Since far more young men are reaching military age than the armed services have room for, said President Charles Cole of Amherst, "a great many are going to escape military service altogether. The manifest unfairness of a system that requires such service from only half or a third of the male youth will gradually make it intolerable." Furthermore, said Cole, "As things stand a soldier is no sooner trained to handle an electronic or other device than his term of service expires." Cole's suggested remedy: the armed services should maintain a nucleus of highly trained long-term enlistees as well as a system of recruitment that "will be truly universal and will be based on a short term—say, three to six months' service."

The Incurruptibles

Having a month ago passed a resolution endorsing segregation in the public schools, the school board of Louisiana's Bossier Parish (just across the Red River from Shreveport) took another step toward the preservation of its most cherished tradition. Last week it banned from all nine high-school libraries *TIME*, *LIFE* and *Look*, accused the magazines of "waging a systematic campaign to prejudice and inflame the American people against the South by presenting in their columns biased and distorted views on the institution of segregation of races in our schools." To make doubly sure that no pupil would ever be corrupted by outside opinion, the board not only ordered the schools to cancel their subscriptions but also to dispose of all back issues—including Bossier City high's 1,300 copies of *LIFE* dating back to 1936.

How to Raise Salaries?

The salaries of St. Paul's teachers (\$3,300 to \$5,300) were lower than those in any other big city in Minnesota. There had been no raises for three years, and while St. Paul was already short 169 teachers, those on hand were quitting for higher paid jobs elsewhere. How could the school board put through a \$50-a-month raise when it was facing a \$335,000 deficit? Last week the board seized upon a drastic solution that stunned the whole town.

Henceforth, said the board, there will be no kindergartens, no more junior-high or high-school basketball, football, debating, dramatics or choral singing. Janitor services will be reduced, and the high-school day will be cut. Whether meant as a shocker or not, the announcement brought a chorus of protests. Cried one angry father: "They've decided to get us where it hurts most, by making our kids suffer." But other citizens found reason to examine their consciences. Twice they had had the opportunity to pass an amendment that would give more than \$1,000,000 to the schools—and twice they had blithely voted it down.

That Normal Problem Child

For the boys of the fourth grade in a private New England day school, the big question was: Should they bother to invite the girls in the class to go along on their picnic? Finally, one boy produced the ultimate argument for the opposition. "All I know," said he, "is that Dr. Gesell says that the interest of boys at our age in the opposite sex is purely negative."

By invoking the name of Arnold Gesell, the boy was indulging in a practice that has become something of a national habit.

As senior biographer of the "normal" child, the white-haired, 75-year-old research consultant of the Gesell Institute of Child Development in New Haven, Conn., has now become so thoroughly entrenched as the parents' guide and counselor that some may well wonder how they ever managed to raise their children without him.

Gesell's books (800,000 copies in the U.S. alone) have thrown a bright light on what a child goes through when growing up. For those baffled by a baby's crying, Gesell is on hand to say that the baby is only acting his age. For parents disturbed by a child's fidgets or moroseness, he is ready with the assurance that the youngster may only be passing through a standard phase of development. Until now, such guidance has been reserved only for parents with children under ten. This week, with the publication of *Youth: the Years from Ten to Sixteen* (Harper; \$5.95), Dr. Gesell and his chief collaborators, Frances L. Ilg and Louise Bates Ames, bring the young American through adolescence to the brink of adulthood.

Wiggles & Patterns. What goes on inside the U.S. teen-ager, whose manners and morals seem to arouse such agonized comments? To find out, Gesell and his 13-man staff studied the boys and girls of 200 families living in or around New Haven. The youngsters, no delinquents, came from average middle-class or professional homes, were subject to no extraordinary pressures or handicaps beyond those involved in just growing up. In the institute's two rambling buildings, the Gesell staff gave them a battery of IQ, aptitude, physical and psychological tests. But Gesell relied mostly on interviews, not only with the children but with their parents, probed into everything—from the way a child might wriggle to his attitude towards God. The result: a readable and useful chronicle of the normal growing



CHILD EXPERTS ILC. GESELL & AMES
On a 15th century map, scattered islands of fact.

S. P. B. Clement



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pains of what is too often considered America's problem child.

Gesell's studies of the adolescent have only strengthened his belief that the stages of growing up fall into a pattern. Though each child is an individual and goes through different experiences, he will share with other children certain ways of thinking and acting. He may not reach the same stage at the same age, but he will eventually fall heir to an array of characteristics typical of a particular age. Thus, "the relative equilibrium of Five-year-oldness gives way to the impulsiveness of Five-and-a-half and the creative thrusts of Six; and these in their turn lead to the inwardness of Seven; the expansiveness of Eight; the self-motivation of Nine." But the pattern runs in a series of cycles. "An underlying theme repeats itself . . . Three-and-a-half and Seven bring inwardizing thrusts, sometimes moodiness, even anxieties; Four and Eight reverse these thrusts . . . Four-and-a-half and Nine try to bring inner and outer thrusts into unity." At ten, as at five, the forces at work within the child seem to come into temporary harmony.

The Clubman. To a large extent, says Gesell, ten is a "golden age." Ten is fond of his home and takes pleasure in cataloging the characteristics of his friends. As a matter of fact, the ten-year-old boy likes just about everyone—except girls. Though the girls reciprocate the indifference, they sense that the future will change all that ("We are not interested in boys yet"). The girls are more curious about sex. The boy "questions very little, and when he does, it is apt to be an offhand question—often asked at an inopportune time."

Though he has little trouble with food, "there is something about soap and water and being a Ten-year-old that does not mix." Otherwise pleasant and cooperative, Ten "stands his ground when it comes to taking a bath . . . As for self-care in other ways—the combing of hair, brushing of teeth and care of nails—all these are in the hinterland as far as Ten is concerned . . . The care of clothes is now at a dismal low."

Ten loves his mother and admits that "a home isn't really a home without a father . . . though at some earlier ages he could have gotten on quite well without one." Outside the house he becomes a clubman, is intrigued by all sorts of secret societies with such high-sounding mottoes as "Have will power" or "Share hardships together." His humor runs to pranks and secondhand puns ("Virginia," he will say to a girl of that name, "you must be a state"). His reading tastes run to books with the words *secret*, *mystery* or *horse* in the title. Though not bothered by competition, he dislikes to excel. Says he: "It makes me feel funny if I'm the best."

In school, Ten likes firmness and objects to any upheaval in routine. He already has a fairly well developed sense of what is fair. "He is concerned when little children are pushed around (unless it is a sibling and he is doing it)," and he is apt to refuse an honor if he feels himself un-

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worthy of it. He is truthful on the whole. "judges cheating and swearing as awful." But basically he is tolerant ("The shoulder shrugs are characteristic"), and believes that ten is the best of all possible ages. He is a child of the here and now; death and deity do not interest him very much. Says Ten of God: "I know He is whether I think about it or not."

The Menace. At eleven, the golden age comes to a shattering end. "There may well be," says Gesell & Co., "an odd, vague, uncomfortable feeling in the minds of the parents of Eleven-year-olds. It is as though some force of nature were grabbing hold of their offspring . . . When parents . . . understand the laws of growth, they will come to know that a stage of turmoil inevitably follows a stage of calm."

Eleven seethes. He tends to "burst, to bounce, to throw himself around." He wriggles interminably, yells, "swoops through a room uttering threats." Even his temperature is wild: Eleven is forever too hot or too cold, is constantly opening and shutting windows. He argues, but cannot stand being argued with. To the bewilderment of his parents, he is devastatingly critical, now refers to "Mummy" as "She." He is impossible at bedtime ("He can be surrounded by clocks and watches but he never sees them"), and he not only hates work, but actively resists it.

He is beset by fears, will often peer under the bed before turning in. He hates to be alone, and when he is, he might pretend to be two people and even play a game of chess with himself. Unlike Ten, whose bursts of anger are quickly over, Eleven has learned to hold a grudge and to pout. He is jealous of his friends, and fiercely competitive: "Elevens are out to win."

In spite of his obstreperousness, he can sometimes be charming. His gaiety comes in waves; he can burst into raucous laughter over almost nothing. Otherwise—especially in school—"his ways and actions are a little reminiscent of those of the jungle." He fears being called "chicken" or "yellow," and if he has done something wrong, he is apt to deny it, though he might cross his fingers when he does. Indignant at cheating or stealing, he is nonetheless sorely tempted to cheat on an exam or if losing a game. The girls may go in for wholesale shoplifting. Why is Eleven at such odds with the world? "Growth phenomena," answers Gesell. "There is something poignant about [Eleven's] bewildered, exclamatory question: 'What do you mean, 'my rude outburst'?' He is unaware of his rudeness."

The Enthusiast. Twelve is an age of enthusiasm. Twelve rushes headlong into debates without really knowing what he is going to say; he may be so anxious to join a certain activity that he may knock things over on the way. Unlike Eleven, who tended to hoard his money, Twelve is sometimes such a spendthrift that he is often flat broke. As one mother put it, "He can't stand prosperity." He is far more concerned about his appearance but only up to a point. A girl might spend hours primping in front of a mirror, yet



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The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

"Seems like only yesterday we couldn't wait to hear her first word"

go off to a party with a dirty neck. Boys will proudly wear ties they consider sharp, "but that does not mean that they do not wish to wear their sneakers—even to church."

This is an age for fads and for a new acceptance of the opposite sex. "No twelve-year-old party can be guaranteed immune from some form of kissing game—a most natural expression for Twelve." But while some of the girls are already thinking about marriage, some boys are determined to remain bachelors forever. The boys develop an apparently irresistible desire to tease a girl. "Soon they are snatching a girl's wallet or pencil box and are off to hide it."

Twelve is kinder to his parents. Instead of openly telling a father he is too fat, a boy will simply exclaim: "What a physique!" He is also kinder to his teacher, but if a teacher is obviously unsure of herself, Twelves will begin hurling spitballs or coughing in unison. They are not much concerned about the afterlife: "They give the problem willingly over to the philosophers." But they are altruists and even sensitive to the feelings of others. "If he must step on adult toes," says Gesell, "he does so lightly, and may even deliberately choose the most psychological moment for a diplomatic approach."

The Worrier. If Twelve is blithe, Thirteen is reflective, abstracted. He may join the family to watch TV for a while, but he will abruptly rise and leave the room for no reason at all. He often likes to be alone, begins locking up his possessions to keep them from younger brothers and sisters. He makes detailed criticisms of his parents' faults, and his parents are often hurt by his constant withdrawal or by his tendency to lavish his affection on a friend.

Though his emotions are under firmer control, he is painfully sensitive and can feel an intense sadness. If he is hard on others, he is even harder on himself. He spends more time than ever in front of the mirror, and there can be "agonizing concern if the reflected image proves too disappointing." Thirteen is a worrier. "He

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This helps to explain why most people can eat whatever they like without worrying about extra pounds. Calories that are spent as energy can never be deposited as fat.

It also helps to explain why the use

of artificial sweeteners, originally prescribed for diabetics only, are of no real value in reducing diets. Since they supply no energy they only appease the sense of taste without helping to satisfy the appetite.

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*Names on request from this magazine



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Kentucky	4,700,000
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Maryland	9,100,000
Massachusetts	15,000,000
Michigan	26,900,000
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Mississippi	2,200,000
Missouri	11,600,000
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Nevada	700,000
New Hampshire	1,300,000
New Jersey	16,900,000
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New York	68,700,000
North Carolina	6,400,000
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South Dakota	1,100,000
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Utah	1,600,000
Vermont	700,000
Virginia	6,900,000
Washington	7,300,000
West Virginia	3,300,000
Wisconsin	9,500,000
Wyoming	700,000
District of Columbia and Possessions	6,600,000
TOTAL	\$465,500,000

says himself that he 'worries about most everything,' or that he worries that he is going to worry."

Should he dislike a teacher—and he frequently does—he may put a thumb-tack on her chair. "However, when he is resisting some task such as learning the complications of English grammar and strenuously feels that he 'won't need to know these in life,' he is only further upset by a teacher who agrees with him. At that very moment he is almost begging for authority, an authority that says . . . that there are certain things you have to do in life whether you like it or not." Thirteen is a man of conscience, and though there are many doubters in that year, there are apt to be even more believers. "Thirteen is an age when many children are confirmed in the church by their own choice."

The Social Animal. For all of Thirteen's good points, fourteen comes along as a relief. "There is more laughter and more noise and singing in the house. There is less withdrawal. The household senses a new contentment and relaxation." It is true that Fourteens may think of their parents, i.e., "They," as "old-fashioned," "antiquated," or even "living in the 1940s." It is also true, as one teacher complained, that noise is such a natural part of their lives that "they don't actually hear it." But all in all, fourteen is easy to have around.

There is a truce between the sexes. Unlike 13-year-olds, the boys no longer automatically go off together at a party, leaving the girls to fend for themselves. Basically, fourteen is a social animal. He is intrigued by the notion of "personality." When asked about her best friend, a girl will say: "I have a whole bunch of best friends." For the girls especially, this is the age of communication. School is a place to gossip in; home is a place to telephone from.

While more than ever socially inclined, fourteen is also more aware of himself. "Growing in his interest is the study of man—his biology, physiology, psychology." He is so aware of his own personality that he frequently identifies with the characters in books and movies ("That's me. That's me all over!"). But most of all, fourteen is an age of reason and searching. "Albert Schweitzer relates how in his fourteenth year the joys of seeking for what was true and good came upon him 'like a kind of intoxication' . . . As a philosopher he holds the 14-year-old youth in high regard, and pays him a compliment: 'If all of us could become what we were at fourteen, what a different place the world would be!'"

The Rebel. No such comment could be made about fifteen. Fifteen is the eternal sophomore, both wise and foolish at once. He digs at his scalp, gouges pimples, toys maddeningly with the silverware at meals. His voice is often inaudible, and he seems so frugal with his energies that parents and teachers come to the conclusion that he is lazy. He is secretive and hates anyone to intrude into his life too much. He has fantasies of violence and revenge. As

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much as at any time in his life, he needs patience and understanding.

He is at war with his home, often wishes he was at school in a far-off town. But if "family unity seems to be at an all-time low," school life can be just as bad. This is the time of the "15-year-old slump." Fifteen still roams in gangs, but "communication with others, the very thing he desires most, is all too often taken away from him by himself. . . . Independence and liberty are his constant cry. You would think he had never had either."

The Pre-Adult. As the months pass, what seemed like rebelliousness changes into a sense of responsible independence. Sixteen wants to go his way and let his family go theirs, but he causes no friction. "Wholesome self-assurance," says Gesell, "is the cardinal trait [of Sixteen]. 'Don't worry about me,' he says reassuringly."

Sixteen has a way of approaching any new situation with ease and naturalness. "Why be sad?" he will say. "Why not make the most of what you have here in life?" He is concerned about himself and with success, but he will take his time about settling on a career. Ethically, he is almost grown up. He even "seems a little surprised to realize that his ideas are about like his parents'. As one boy sums it up: 'I haven't found anything yet that was adverse to my parents' teaching.'" Thus, the cycle that began at ten has come to a full circle. "The 16-year-old youth, if he rises to tiptoe, can almost see the horizon of adulthood. He is himself a pre-adult."

Within Limits. Having brought his biography thus far, Arnold Gesell refuses to go beyond the somewhat limited boundaries he has imposed upon himself. Some doctors and psychologists claim that his case histories are too narrow, his probing too restricted, his findings too pat and superficial. In describing the progress of the normal child, he ignores the darker forces that would concern the psychiatrist, places the delinquent and neurotic outside his province, refuses to turn sociologist at the last minute and make generalizations and judgments about young America. He admits that "our present knowledge of the child's mind is like a 15th century map of the world—a mixture of truth and error. There are scattered islands of dependable fact, but there are still unknown continents."

Nonetheless, the map performs a service. As much as any man, Gesell has illuminated the many mysterious forces at work in growing up, has shown that if the adolescent at times seems all fouled up, the situation can still be normal. The 16-year-old, says he, "was born with certain inalienable traits which are inherent in the very patterns of his development. At about the age of ten he ceased to be a child. Increasingly he has become an individual personality in his own right. He will continue to grow in obedience to the same deep-seated laws of development which have fashioned him thus far in a culture committed to respect the dignity and worth of the individual."



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STATISTICS The small company may turn over its selective tapes to service bureaus, where they're converted to punched cards for tabulating into sales summaries. Many large concerns are equipped to do this work on their own premises.

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New Magazine in Manhattan

Modern poetry is the sick man of the arts. Precious, arid, obscure, it sometimes seems too feeble and withdrawn to be nursed back to life. Indeed, modern poetry has played the game of ten little Indians with its readers for so long that in recent years neither London nor New York could claim a magazine devoted to first-class poetry. Now each may stake half a claim to a new bimonthly: *Poetry London-New York*. Price: 75¢ a copy. Stamped on the sedately styled cover of the first issue is a red-and-black lyrebird drawn by Mobilist Alexander Calder as a symbol of the editor's feeling that "the lyrical spirit is badly needed in poetry today." Between the covers appear works by an honor guard of Anglo-American poets, among them Robert Graves, Roy Campbell, W. H. Auden, Marianne Moore, E. E. Cummings. The spur behind the would-be poetic renaissance is an unusual editor-poet and long-time friend of poets and poetry, Thurairajah Tambimuttu.

Subpatron of the Arts. Tambimuttu (Tambi to intimates), born in Ceylon, educated at a Roman Catholic college, is no stranger to the West. Tambi settled in London in 1937 at the age of 21, and within two years launched *Poetry London* on a £5 shoestring. The magazine went broke on the second issue, but Tambi kept it alive by coaxing the publishing firm of Nicholson & Watson Ltd. into taking a planned loss of £6,000 a year (roughly \$24,000) as a "prestige gesture." With *Poetry London* and the £6,000, Tambi played his role of subpatron of the arts with a flourish, built *PL's* circulation to 10,000, made it a



SS TROOPS LEADING DEATH MARCH IN WARSAW
In twelve years, twelve million lives.

Associated Press

proving ground for Britain's promising younger poets. But a managerial rift brought the magazine to its death in 1951.

From the time he took in the New York skyline in 1952, Tambi thought of erecting an intercontinental "skyscraper of poetry." *Poetry London-New York* slowly took shape in the fusty, rambling apartment in Manhattan's far East 80s that Tambi shares with his pretty, Bombay-born wife, Safia Tyabjee. The first issue hit the bookstalls last month, at a cost of about \$6,000, and an unsolicited angel, Dwight Ripley, "an American painter educated at Harrow," made up the bulk of the deficit. Tambi pays his contributors "according to need" at a top rate of \$1.25 a line, but most of the poets in the first issue donated their poems. A soft-spoken man who chain-smokes Pall Malls and dresses in Indian fashion, Tambi bills his own services at \$80 a week, agrees with T. S. Eliot that every poet should have a job other than poetry.

"Bully Them." The odds are that *Poetry London-New York* will not prove the securest of jobs for Tambi. But the initial printing of 4,000 copies sold out; a supplementary printing of 2,000 was going fast at week's end, and readers got a good 75¢ worth. Among the familiar universal themes of love, life, courage, birth and death, the magazine tucks in such older-fashioned surprises full of simpler merits as a bit of verse called *The Rift* by Walter de la Mare:

"We argue on of gods, not God,
And might all strife resten.
If only I could find in yours,
What you reject in mine."

Best of the newcomers is Britain's Christopher Logue, who brings to the naked charms of his ladylove the sensual splendors of *The Song of Solomon*. For other issues, Tambi hopes to secure poems from Dame Edith Sitwell and T. S. Eliot. "But," he sighs with the editor's age-old lament, "I have to bully them."

Out of Night & Fog

GESTAPO: INSTRUMENT OF TYRANNY
(275 pp.)—Edward Crankshaw—Viking (\$3.75).

The great function of the Nürnberg trials was not the often disputed function of pinning the guilt for World War II on a few top Nazis. A decade removed from those victorious and, perhaps, vindictive days, it becomes increasingly clear that the most important function of Nürnberg was the amassing of a vast amount of firsthand evidence on exactly what activated the Third Reich. It was Hitler's idea that the whole Nazi organization would, like millions of its victims, disappear into *Nacht und Nebel* (night and fog) if he failed, and to this end, just before the finish of World War II, the records of his infamous regime were deliberately and almost totally destroyed. The International Military Tribunal, by collecting surviving documents, confessions of leading participants and the evidence of witnesses and victims, was able to circumvent this final act of Nazi nihilism. The 50 volumes of its proceedings (about 24,000 pages) are more painful reading than most can bear, even today, but in them, far more than in the memoirs of statesmen and generals or the official regimental histories and the reminiscences of Panzer generals, are embedded the true nature of Nazism and the cause of World War II. Of the many valuable historical works that have drawn on these sources in recent years the latest is Edward Crankshaw's *Gestapo: Instrument of Tyranny*, a chillingly felt, warmly told, and concise study of the main lever of Nazi power.

Twelve Years, Twelve Million. The word Gestapo was the creation of an anonymous postoffice clerk who used it as an abbreviation for *Geheime Staatspolizei* (Secret State Police). Hermann Göring's name for the gang of Luger-toting bully boys who accompanied him into the



TAMBI & SAFIA

Martha Holmes

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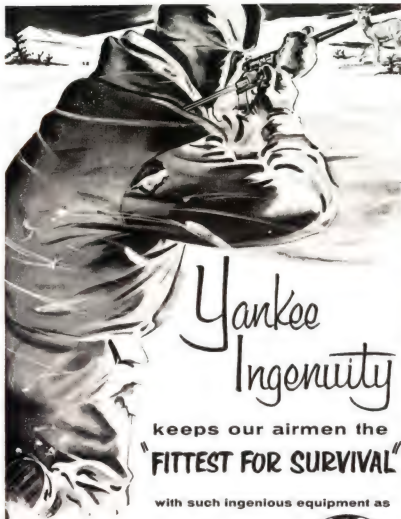
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Ministry of the Interior after Hitler's legal takeover of the German state in 1933. Next year the Gestapo, which never exceeded 40,000, became a part of Heinrich Himmler's black-uniformed SS (*Schutz Staffel*) and Reinhard ("The Hangman") Heydrich's intelligence branch of the same outfit, the dreaded SD (*Sicherheitsdienst*). Hitler deliberately confused the powers and duties of these services in order to divide and control Himmler. Heydrich and other aides who never ceased to intrigue against each other and frequently arrested and killed weaker rivals. But Gestapo remained the generic term for the instrument which (according to Nürnberg estimates) in twelve years destroyed twelve million people.

As an authority on Soviet affairs, Journalist (London Observer) and Author (*Cracks in the Kremlin Wall*) Crankshaw has had ample occasion to study political terror. But when he turned from the Communists' MVD to the Nazis' Gestapo, he found a vast difference in attitudes. There was a mechanical ingenuity to Gestapo methods of torture (a small machine for crushing testicles), and a pseudo-scientific slant to many of their regular duties (victims with perfect teeth were withheld from the incinerators in order to provide the Nazis with perfect skulls for paperweights; the heads of dead Jewish Communist commissars were pickled for an anthropological collection of "subhumans"). Whereas the Russians' prime concern seemed to be confessions of self-guilt, the Germans tortured mainly to extract admissions of others' guilt. When justice finally caught up with an MVD man he usually went stoically to his death, but at Nürnberg many Gestapomen wept and whimpered.

The Wehrmacht Knew. The majority of the Gestapo's victims were Jews. But obedience to Hitler's perverted racial laws did not prevent cynical Gestapo bosses from trading thousands of Jewish lives for money or political advantages. In Poland and the Ukraine, where there were not enough tank ditches, and natural ravines were used to pack in the naked bodies of millions of massacred men, women and children, the SD Action Groups were full of self-pity for their exacting task. Crankshaw notes that volunteer groups from Lithuania and the Ukraine were only too ready to help out the SS, and he demolishes the argument that the Wehrmacht knew nothing of this hideous slaughter.

Crankshaw provides vivid portraits of the top Gestapo men, in particular Himmler, whose mild, chinless exterior concealed a capable administrator, a ruthless intriguer, and the greatest mass murderer of all time. Towards the end of World War II, ambitious for absolute power, Himmler made the mistake of reaching out for just one more life. But that life was Hitler's; Himmler took potassium cyanide. *Gestapo* is a bold and worthwhile attempt to understand something of these monstrous men and of their strange decade, but in fact it explains very little. The mass of evidence in the Nürnberg records may have to wait a long time for its rightful historian. In Poland



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Himmeler comforted his self-pitying SS men with the words: "This is a page of glory in our history which has never been written and is never to be written." What glory, at what a price!

Bad Spell in London

THE FLIGHT FROM THE ENCHANTER (316 pp.)—Iris Murdoch—Viking (\$3.75).

Iris Murdoch, Oxford don, is as rare a thing in modern writing as Dr. Johnson's hipedally ambulatory dog.⁹ She is not just a woman novelist, which is not rare, or a woman philosopher (teaching at Oxford's St. Anne's), which is somewhat rare, but a woman philosopher-novelist, which is very rare indeed.

In her second novel (her first: the widely praised *Under the Net*), Author Murdoch plays ducks and drakes with a muddling crowd of English characters who



Chotto & Windus

NOVELIST MURDOCH

Pity the poor Minotaur.

have not fared well in the welfare state, members of that middling class of drab London sparrows who were brought up to think of themselves as hummingbirds and now lack the sugar for their special diet.

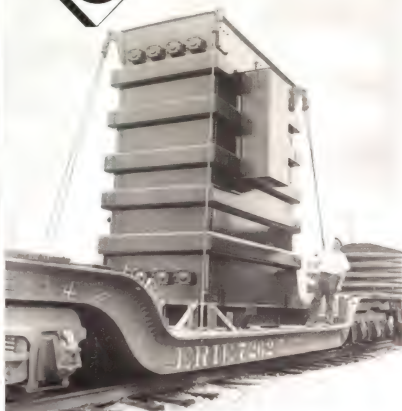
Junior Myth. Novelist Murdoch writes in the comic intellectual tradition of the early Aldous Huxley, but now the sad young Huxley men of the '20s have grown up to be desperately dim middle-aged men in dim jobs. Murdoch's subjects are transfixed at a moment in history when those who inherit a great tradition are not enriched and strengthened by the past, but mocked and enfeebled.

Only those who live it up from moment to moment are exempt from this curse. Chief of these is the prettiest little existentialist in existence, Annette

* Said Johnson: "Sir, a woman preaching is like a dog's walking on his hind legs. It is not done well, but you are surprised to find it done at all."



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Cockayne. Annette, a "cosmopolitan ragamuffin," according to her diplomat father, begins the novel by leaving finishing school because teacher, who was reading Dante, said the poor Minotaur was suffering in hell. Since Annette feels that the classical monster⁶ can't help being a monster, she leaves, not neglecting to swing on a chandelier on the way, and goes out to live the exciting life of a junior myth.

Annette survives unscathed a succession of farcical and scabrous sexual adventures, and even when, for love of a real monster called Mischa Fox, she swallows some deadly tablets, they turn out to be milk of magnesia. Novelist Murdoch's moral seems to be that only those can get along today who have a talent for forgetting about yesterday.

Rolling Oddballs. Annette rolls through the story with a large collection of fellow oddballs, and all are kept in motion by the mysterious Mischa Fox, the enhancer of the book's title. A fabulously rich publisher who lives, like the Minotaur, in a mazelike palace, Mischa is, in terms of realism, the weakest thing in the novel. But he serves to underline Author Murdoch's philosophic point: those unsure of their own identity are at the mercy of anyone's will.

The author tosses her symbols with a conjurer's cynical eye for the audience. The book is brilliant in detail, lit by a woman's sharp eye for gesture and the shape and condition of others' clothes and faces. In between the dilemmas and existentialist mazes, there is a great tragicomic talent at work, and readers who fail to take a pass or two at Murdoch's Minotaur will miss some fine and frenzied fun.

An Insight into Blindness

THE FOURTH WORLD (318 pp.)—Daphne Athas—Putnam (\$3.75).

In the Bible, both Luke and Matthew are agreed that if the blind lead the blind, both will wind up in the ditch.^f In *The Fourth World*, Novelist Daphne Athas does more than underwrite the common sense of the Gospels. She dies a fictional ditch big enough to hold both the sighted and the sightless, and the world into which she leads the reader would seem simply nightmarish if it did not also ring simply true.

A Different Breed. It is nine years now since Author Athas wrote a small but heartbreaking first novel, *The Weather of the Heart* (TIME, June 2, 1947), a tragedy of teen-age lovers which proved absolute authority in that difficult literary place, the world of childhood. She is back in that world again, with the additional

6 A bullheaded character of mythology, to whom many innocents were sacrificed. It took a hero, Theseus, to find the way out of his labyrinth.

f And if the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch.—Matthew 18:14. Can the blind lead the blind? Shall they not both fall into the ditch?—Luke 6:39.

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Atom-Fired Furnace. The Sodium Reactor Experiment, like all other

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JAMES F. DAVENPORT
Southern California Edison takes the heat

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ing in the financing. It is, in fact, so promising that the Southern California Edison Company is building a 7500 KW capacity generating station to utilize heat from the Sodium Reactor Experiment to produce electricity for domestic and industrial use. Says Mr. James F. Davenport, vice-president and general manager of the Southern California Edison Company, "We will gladly share the information and experience we derive from building and operating this station with other public and private utilities in this area, to the extent permitted by the Atomic Energy Commission."

nuclear reactors, "burns" atomic fuel—splits the atom to release the energy it contains—and produces 20,000 kilowatts of heat. This heat, carried from the reactor in liquid sodium, is transferred to a steam generator, thence to the turbogenerator. The use of a liquid metal such as sodium permits high-temperature, hotter steam, and as high an efficiency as can be obtained from modern conventional steam plants. The sodium-cooled design can be fueled with either slightly enriched Uranium or Thorium and U^{235} . With the latter, the reactor approaches a self-sustaining breeder of atoms—consuming Thorium and producing sufficient usable U^{235} for continuous operation.

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NOVELIST ATHAS
Terence Le Goubia

It takes more than eyes to see.

result in being "shipped," and the likelihood that no other school will accept what Canopus has discarded.

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A Novelist's Eye. When she is with her sightless children, Author Athas can be fascinating. Their wide-ranging imaginations, their fantastic sixth sense, these most difficult things are precisely the ones she records best. The tragedy of her teen-age hero and heroine, compounded by a weirdly accidental death and the girl's pregnancy, is moving without a single assist from sentimentality. But

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what remains finally is a careful delineation of a world that could not be imagined from passing any number of the blind on the street. It is possible that most Dr. Augusts will be as surprised by *The Fourth World* as those who cannot spell Braille. For Daphne Athas sees with the sharp eye of the novelist.

Structurally, her book is not a good novel. It halts, it twists and turns. But in the very special world of her blind children, tense, frustrated and febrile. Author Athas moves with uncommon grace and dignity. That world is enough to make *The Fourth World* memorable.

Mallet of Malice

THE DISPOSSESSED [244 pp.]—Geoffrey Wagner—Devon-Adair (\$3.50).

A novelist bent on discrediting a popular idea may choose to 1) give the reader an intellectual hotfoot, i.e., singe his brain with a better idea, 2) tickle his funnybone with satire, 3) clout him over the head with the blunt instrument of anger. British-born Novelist Geoffrey Wagner belongs to the blunt-instrument school. His mallet of malice falls on psychiatry and especially psychoanalysis, its high priests, practices and pretensions. With scarcely a smidgen of saving humor, but with much righteous wrath, *The Dispossessed* argues that Freud, Jung, Adler, et al. are blood-letters of the psyche whose theories will eventually seem just as barbaric and outmoded as actual bloodletting does today.

The novel's guinea pig hero is Richard Terrell, a peacetime chemical engineer and wartime captain in the British army. An *Afrika Korps* stick grenade sends him into amnesia for ten days and lands him at Duncanford, "the best-run nuthouse in England." There Dick runs the gamut of tranquilizing drugs, insulin and electric shock treatments and doubletalk ("idealization of the phantasmal reorientation") from one of the "headshrinkers." After two years or so, Dick is released with a nervous tic behind his left ear, and the vaguely damning words "constitutional inferiority" stamped on his army discharge papers. His wife is loyal, but in the outside world his case record makes him as untouchable as an ex-jailbird. His old boss refuses to hire him back. Everywhere he meets "the look" which translates "can't take the risk." Then a chemical firm decides to take the risk and hires him. Dick discovers a new process for making nitric dust and seems to be usefully rehabilitated until Author Wagner's booby-trapped plot explodes under him.

By implying that Dick is really the victim of a Mafia-like web of malevolent psychoanalysts, Author Wagner makes his tragedy eerily implausible and weakens his legitimate point that the analyst, when judged by his somewhat dubious curative results, has been granted too much authority and credence at some levels of 20th century life. The book's occasional hemlock-bitter jibes at "Fraudism" may even tempt some blither-spirited novelist to give psychoanalysis what it often begs for, a full hypodermic of spoof juice.

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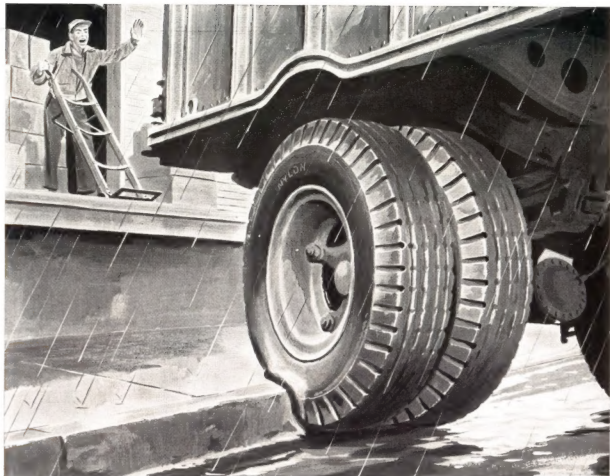
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